THE PROPHETESS:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

DIOCLESIAN.

Written by *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher.*

WITH

ALTERATIONS and ADDITIONS,

After the Manner of an

OPERA.

Repreſented at the

Queen's Theatre,

By Their MAJESTIES Servants.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1690.

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The Persons in the Play.

Charinus,	Emperor of *Rome*.
Diocles, after *Diocleſian*,	First a Private Soldier, then elected Empero
Maximinian,	Nephew to *Diocles*, and Emperor by hi Donation.
Coſroe,	King of *Perſia*.
Aper,	Murtherer of *Numerianus*, the late Emperor.
Niger,	An Honeſt Man, and Great Commander.
Camurius,	A Captain, and Creature of *Aper's*.
	Senators.
	Perſian Lords.
	Perſian Ambaſſadors.
Geta,	Servant to *Diocles*.
	Guard.
	Soldiers.
	Suitors.
	Lictors.
	Flamen.
	Country-men.

The Women.

Aurelia,	Siſter to *Charinus*.
Caſſana,	Siſter to *Coſroe*.
Delphia,	A Propheteſs.
Druſilla,	Niece to *Delphia*.

The Masque.

Cupid, *Sylvanus*, *Bacchus*, *Flora*, *Pomona*, Gods of the Rivers, *Fauns*, *Nymphs*, *Hero's*, *Heroines*, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, the Graces and Pleaſures, with all the Followers of the Gods and Goddeſſes.

The Persons in the Play.

Charinus,	Emperor of *Rome*.
Diocles, after *Dioclesian*,	First a Private Soldier, then elected Empero
Maximinian,	Nephew to *Diocles*, and Emperor by hi Donation.
Cosroe,	King of *Persia*.
Aper,	Mutherer of *Numerianus*, the late Emperor.
Niger,	An Honest Man, and Great Commander.
Cumarine,	A Captain, and Creature of *Aper's*.
	Senators.
	Persian Lords.
	Persian Ambassadors.
Geta,	Servant to *Diocles*.
	Guard.
	Soldiers.
	Suitors.
	Lictors.
	Flamen.
	Country-men.

The Women.

Aurelia,	Sister to *Charinus*.
Cassana,	Sister to *Cosroe*.
Delphia,	A Prophetess.
Drusilla,	Niece to *Delphia*.

The Masque.

Cupid, *Sylvanus*, *Bacchus*, *Flora*, *Pomona*, Gods of the Rivers, *Fauns*, *Nymphs*, *Hero's*, *Heroines*, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, the Graces and Pleasures, with all the Followers of the Gods and Goddesses.

THE PROPHETESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene *A Pallace.*

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla.

Druſ. 'TIS true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
And of a pleaſant nature, ſweet, and temperate;
His Couſin *Maximinian*, proud, and bloody.
Delp. Yes, and miſtruſtful too, my Girl, take heed:
Although he ſeem to love thee, and affect
Like the more Courtier, curious complement;
Yet have a care.
Druſ. You know all my Affections,
And all my Heart deſires, are ſet on *Diocles.*
But Aunt, how coldly he requites this courteſie!
How dull, and heavily he looks upon me!
Although I wooe him ſometimes beyond modeſty,
Beyond a Virgins care; how ſtill he ſlights me,
And puts me ſtill off with your Propheſie,
And the performance of your late Prediction,
That when he's Emperour, then he'll Marry me;
Alas, what hope of that?
Delp. Peace, and be patient;
For tho' he has now no Badge of Honour on him,
No Eye of Favour ſhining:
And tho' my ſure Prediction of his riſing
(Which can no more fail, than the Day, or Night does;
Nay, let him be aſleep, will overtake him,)
Has found ſome rubs, and ſtops; yet hear me Neece,
And hear me with a faith, it ſhall come to him.

I'll tell thee the occaſion.
Druſ. Do good Aunt,
For yet I am ignorant.
Delp. Chiding him one Day,
For being too near, and ſparing for a Soldier,
Too griping, and too greedy: he made anſwer,
When I am *Cæſar*, then I will be liberal.
I, preſently inſpir'd with holy Fire,
And my Prophetick Spirit burning in me.
Gave anſwer from the Gods; and this it was:
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris.
Thou ſhalt be Emperor, O *Diocles*,
When thou haſt kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time
(As giving credit to my words) he has employ'd
Much of his life in Hunting: many Boars,
Hideous, and fierce, with his own Hands he has kill'd;
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raiſe him to the Empire. Be not ſad Neece,
'Ere long he ſhall. Come, let us entertain him;
For by this time, I gueſs, he comes from Hunting:
And by my Art I find this very inſtant,
Some great Deſign's on foot.
Druſ. Heaven proſper it. But ſee
The Emperor, and his Siſter coming hither.
Delp. And *Niger* buſie in diſcourſe with 'em.
Now Fate is working for us. Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Niger.

Cha. You buz into my Head ſtrange Likelihoods,
And fill me full of doubts; but what proofs *Niger*,
What certainties, that my moſt Noble Brother
Came to his end by murther? tell me that;
Aſſure me by ſome Circumſtance.
Nig. I will, Sir.
And as I tell you truth, ſo the Gods proſper me:
I have often nam'd this *Aper*.
Char. True, you have;
And in myſterious Sences I have heard you
Often break out abruptly.

Nig. Moſt

Nig. Moſt true, Sir.
Fear of your unbelief, and the Times giddineſs,
Made me I durſt not then go farther. If now you pleaſe,
Out of your wonted Goodneſs, to give credit,
I ſhall unfold the Wonder.
Aur. Do it boldly:
You ſhall have both our hearty Loves, and Hearings.
Nig. This *Aper* then, this too much honour'd Villain,
(For he deſerves no mention of a good man)
Great Sir, give Ear; this moſt ungrateful, ſpiteful,
Above the memory of Mankind, miſchievous;
With his own bloody Hands.
Char. Take heed.
Nig. I am in, Sir;
And if I make not good my Story.
Aur. Forward;
I ſee a Truth would break out, be not fearful.
Nig. I ſay. this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
Cut off your Brother's Hopes, his Life, and Fortunes:
The honour'd *Numerianus* fell by him;
Fell baſely, moſt untimely, and moſt treacherouſly:
For in his Litter, as he bore him company,
Moſt privately and cunningly he kill'd him.
Yet ſtill he fills the faithful Soldiers Ears
With Stories of his Weakneſs, and looſe Life;
That he dare not venture in the open Air,
And ſhew his Warlike Face among the Soldiers;
The tenderneſs and weakneſs of his Eyes,
Being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out his Infirmity
(Becauſe he would diſpatch his Honour too)
To ariſe from Wantonneſs, and Love of Women.
And thus he juggles ſtill.
Aur. Oh moſt pernicious,
Moſt bloody, and moſt baſe! Alas, dear Brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after Death, thy Memory
Loaden with Shames and Lies? Thoſe pious Tears
Thou daily ſhowerd'ſt upon my Father's Monument,
(When in the *Perſian* Expedition
He fell, moſt ſtrangely, by a ſtroke of Thunder)

Made thy Diſgrace and Sins? Thoſe Eyes wept out
The fair Examples of a Noble Nature,
Thoſe Holy Drops of Love, turn'd by Depravers
(Malicious poiſon'd Tongues) to thy Abuſes?
We muſt not ſuffer this.
Char. Now I ſee the Cauſe
Why this inhuman, bloody Villain *Aper*
Will not come near me.
Nig. No, he dare not, Sir;
He has an Inmate here, that's call'd a Conſcience,
Bids him keep off.
Char. My Brother honour'd him;
Firſt, made him Captain of his Guard, next, his Friend;
Then to my Mother (to aſſure him nearer)
He made him Husband.
Nig. And withal, Ambitious;
For then he trod ſo high, his falſe Feet itch'd, Sir,
To ſtep into the Throne.
Aur. If you believe, Brother,
Aper a bloody Monſter (as 'tis plain)
Let's leave diſputing, and do ſomething Noble.
Char. Be rul'd, good Siſter; I am as yet too weak
To meet him in the Field; he has under him
The Flow'r of all the Empire, and the Strength,
The *Britain* and the *German* Cohorts, pray be patient.
Niger, how ſtands the Soldier to him?
Nig. In Fear (Sir) more
Than Love or Honour; he has loſt their Affections,
By his moſt covetous and greedy Griping.
Are you deſirous to do ſomething on him,
That all the World may know you lov'd your Brother?
And do it ſafely too, without an Army?
Char. Moſt willingly.
Nig. Then ſend out a Proſcription,
Send ſuddenly; and to that man that executes it,
(I mean, that brings his Head) a large Reward,
No common Sum: then doubt not, you ſhall ſee,
Even from his own Camp, from thoſe men who follow him,
Follow, and flatter him, we ſhall find one;
Or, if he miſs, a hundred who will venture it.

Aur. For

Aur. For his Reward, it shall be so, dear Brother;
So far I'll honour him, who kills the Villain;
For so far runs my Love to my dear Brother,
Let him be what he will, Mean, Old, or Crooked,
He shall have Me; nay, which is more, I'll love him:
I will not be deny'd.
Cha. You shall not, Sister:
But you shall find my Love shall go along with it.
See a Proscription drawn, and for his Recompence
My Sister, and Half-Partner in the Empire:
And I will keep my Word.
Aur. Now you do bravely.
Nig. And tho' it cost my Life, I'll see it publish'd.
Cha. Away, and do it instantly.
Nig. I am gone, Sir.
It shall be soon dispatch'd.
Cha. Be prosperous.
Aur. And let the Villain fall.
Nig. Fear nothing, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *a Country-house at the Side of a Wood, with the Prospect of a pleasant Country at a distance.*

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, *and* Geta *with a Boar on his Back.*

Dio. Lay down the Boar.
Get. Withal my heart, I am weary on't;
I shall turn *Jew*, if I carry more such Burthens.
Do you think, Master, to be Emperor,
With killing Swine? You may be a good Butcher,
Or allied to an honourable Family of Tripe-wives:
Can you be such an Ass, my Reverend Master,
To think these Springs of Pork will shoot up *Cæsars*?
Max. The Fool says true.
Dio. Come, leave your fooling, Sirrah,
And think of what thou shalt be when I am Emperor.
Get. Would it would come with thinking, then, o' my conscience,
I should be at the least a Senator.
Max. A Sowter,
For that's a Place more fitted to thy Nature.

If

If thou haſt ſuch an Expectation.
Or ſay the Devil could perform this Wonder,
Can ſuch a Raſcal as thou art hope for Honor?
Such a Log-carrying Clown?
Get. Yes, and bear it too,
And bear it ſwimmingly. I'm not the firſt Aſs, Sir,
Has born Office, and perform'd it reverently.
Dio. Thou being the Son of a Tyler,
Canſt thou hope to be a Senator?
Get. Thou being the Son of a Tanner,
Canſt thou hope to be an Emperor?
Dio. Thou ſaiſt true, *Geta*, there's a Stop indeed:
But yet the Bold and Vertuous——
Get. You ſay right, Maſter,
Right as my Leg; for we, the Vertuous,
Tho' we be Kennel-rakers, Filth, and Scoundrels,
We, the Diſcreet, and Bold—— Yet, now I remember it,
Tylers have better Title to be Senators,
And ought to ſtep before you thick-skinn'd Tanners;
For we are higher born than you, no baſe ones,
None of your Groundlings, Maſter.
Dio. I like thee well;
Thou haſt as good a mind as I have, to this Honor.
Get. As good a mind (Sir) for a ſimple Plaiſterer;
And when I come to execute my Office,
Then you ſhall ſee.
Max. What?
Get. An Officer in Fury;
An Officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh at it?
Is a Senator in hope worth no more Reverence?
By theſe Hands, I'll clap you by the Heels
The firſt Hour I come into my Office.
Max. O, my Conſcience, the Fellow believes it.
Dio. I, do, do, *Geta:*
For if I once be Emperor——
Get. Then will I
(For Wiſe men muſt be had to prop the State)
Not bate a ſingle Ace of a ſound Senator.
Dio. But what ſhall we do the whil'ſt?
Get. Kill Swine, and ſowſe 'em,

And eat 'em when you have Bread?
Max. Why didst thou run away
When the Boar made toward thee? Art thou not Valiant?
Get. No indeed am I not,
And think it no Dishonour to confess it.
I took a Tree, 'tis true, gave way to the Monster:
Heark what Discretion says, *Let Fury pass;*
From the Tooth of a mad Beast, and the Tongue of a Slanderer,
Preserve thine Honour.
Dio. He talks already like a Senator.
Go, take it up, and carry it in; 'tis a huge one;
We never kill'd a larger Swine; so fierce too,
I never met with yet.
Max. Take heed, it stirs again. [Geta *runs up a Tree.*
How nimbly the Rogue runs up? He climbs like a Squirrel.
Dio. Come down, ye Dunce? is it not dead?
Get. I know not.
Dio. His Throat's cut, and his Bowels out.
Get. That's all one,
I am sure his Teeth are in.
Dio. Come, take him up, I say, and see him drest;
He's fat, and will be lusty Meat; away with him,
And get some of him ready for our Dinner.
Get. Shall he be roasted whole?
I'll run in the Wheel my self.
Max. Sirrah, leave prating,
And get some Piece of him ready presently;
We are weary both, and hungry.
Get. Well, I'll about it.
What an Inundation of Brewis shall I swim in? [*Exit.* Geta.
Dio. Thou art still dull and melancholy, Cousin,
Distrustful of my Hopes.
Max. Why, can you blame me?
I can't believe a Jugler.
Dio. Thou know'st she is a Propheteſs.
Max. A small one,
And as small Profit to be hop'd for by her.
Dio. Thou art the strangest man! How does thy Hurt?
The Boar came very near you.
Max. A Scratch, a Scratch.

Dio. It

Dio. It akes, and troubles thee; that makes thee angry.
Max. Not at the Pain, but at the Practice, Uncle;
The butcherly, baſe Cuſtom of our Lives now.
Had a brave Enemies Sword drawn ſo much from me,
Or Danger met me in the Head of the Army,
To have bluſht thus i' my Blood, had been my Honour:
But to live baſe, like Swine-herds, and believe too;
To be fool'd out with Tales, and Old Wives Dreams,
Dreams when they're drunk, or ſplenatick.
Dio. Certain, you much miſtake her.
Max. Miſtake her? Hang her. To be made her Purvey'rs,
To feed her old Chaps, to provide her daily,
To bring her Feaſts, while ſhe ſits grunting at us,
And blowing out her Prophecies at both Ends.
Dio. She's a holy *Druid.*
Max. Heaven knows, I don't believe it.
Dio. Thou haſt a perfect Malice.
Max. So I would have,
Againſt theſe purblind Prophets; for, look you, Sir,
Old Women will lie monſtrouſly, ſo will the Devil;
They would at leaſt ſeem Holy, ſo would he.
He gives 'em leave now and then to uſe their Cunnings,
Which is, to kill a Cow, or blaſt a Harveſt,
Make young Pigs pipe themſelves to Death, choak Poultry,
And chafe a Dairy-maid into a Fever,
With pumping for her Butter.
But when he makes theſe Agents to raiſe Emperors,
When he diſpoſes Fortune as his Servant,
And ties her to Old Wives Tails ——
Dio. You argue learnedly:
Did you not hear the Prophecy?
Max. Yes, and laugh at it;
And ſo will any man can tell but Twenty,
That is not blind, as you are, blind and ignorant.
Do you think ſhe knows your Fortune?
Dio. I do think it.
Max. Very well, Sir:
You then believe (for methinks 'tis moſt neceſſary)
She knows her own Fate.
Dio. I believe it certain.

Max. Dare

Max. Dare you but be ſo wiſe to let me try it?
For I am doubtful.
Dio. How?
Max. Come nearer to me,
Becauſe her cunning Devil ſhan't prevent me:
Cloſe, cloſe, and hear. If ſhe can turn this Deſtiny,
I'll be of your Faith too.
Dio. Do it; I fear not:
For if ſhe knows not this, ſure ſhe knows nothing;
I am ſo confident.
Max. Faith, ſo am I,
That I ſhall make her old Sides hum.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. She comes: Go take your Stand.
Max. Now ſhew your Holineſs, or you howl for't, Beldame.
Del. Now my Son *Diocles*,
Are you not weary of your Game to day?
And are you well?
Dio. Yes, Mother, well and luſty:
Only you make me hunt for empty Shadows.
Del. You muſt have patience; *Rome was not built in one day.*
And he that hopes, muſt give his Hopes their Currents.
You have kill'd a mighty Boar.
Dio. But I am no Emperor.
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering Expectation Hour by Hour?
Riſe early, and ſleep late, to feed your Appetites?
Forget my Trade, my Arms? forſake my Honour?
Oppoſe my ſelf to Hazards of all ſorts,
Only to win the barbarous Name of Butcher.
Del. Son, you are wiſe.
Dio. But you are cunning, Mother;
And with that Cunning, and the Faith I give you,
You lead me blindly, to no End, no Honour.
Del. Be provident,
And tempt not the Gods Dooms, ſtop not the Glory
They are ready to fix on ye: you are a Fool then.
Chearful and grateful Takers, the Gods love,

And ſuch as wait their Pleaſures with full Hopes:
The Doubtful and Diſtruſtful, Heaven frowns at.
What I have told by Inſpiration,
I tell you once again, muſt and ſhall find you.
Dio. But when? or how?
Del. Cum Aprum interfeceris.
Dio. I have kill'd many.
Del. Not the Boar they point at:
Nor muſt I reveal further, till you clear it.
The Lots of Glorious men are wrapt in Myſteries,
And ſo deliver'd: Common and ſlight Creatures,
That have their Ends as open as their Actions,
Eaſie and open Fortunes follow.
Max. I ſhall try
How deep your Inſpiration lies hid in you,
And whether your brave Spirit have a Buckler
To keep this Boar-ſpear off; I'll make ye ſmoke elſe.
Dio. Knowing my Fortune ſo preciſely, Mother,
Methinks you ſhould be ſtudied in your own,
In your own Deſtiny, methinks, moſt perfect.
Can the Stars now,
Or ſecret Inſpirations you boaſt of,
If a hard Fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour it ſelf upon your Life, deliver ye?
Can they now ſay, Take heed?
Del. Ha! Pray come hither.
Max. I would know that; I fear your Devil will cozen you,
And ſtand as cloſe as you can, I ſhall be with ye.
Del. I find a preſent Ill.
Dio. How?
Del. But I ſcorn it.
Max. Do you ſo? Do you ſo?
Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*
Is it not ſtrange, theſe wild and fooliſh men
Should dare t' oppoſe the Pow'r of Deſtiny?
That Power the Gods ſhake at? Look yonder, Son.
Max. Have you ſpied me? Then have at ye.
Del. Do, fling boldly;
Spare not, and hit me if thou canſt.
Dio. Fling, Couſin.

Max. I cannot: my Arm's dead, I have no feeling.
Or if I could fling, ſo ſtrong is her arm'd Virtue,
She'd catch the flying Dart.
Del. Poor, doubtful People,
I pitty your weak Faiths.
Dio. Oh mercy, Mother!
And from this Hour I'll ſerve you as a Deitie.
Del. No more of that.
Max. Oh let my Prayers prevail too!
Here, like a Tree I dwell elſe; free me Mother,
And greater than great Fortune I'll Adore ye.
Del. Be free again, and have more pure Thoughts in ye.
Dio. Now I believe your words moſt conſtantly;
And when I have that Power you promis'd me——
Del. Remember then your Vow; my Neece, *Druſilla.*
I mean to Marry her, and then you proſper.
Dio. I ſhall forget my Life elſe.

Enter Niger, Geta, *and* Soldiers.

Get. And ſhall he have, as you ſay, that kills *Aper?*
Del. Now mark, and underſtand.
Nig. The Proſcription's up, i'th' Market-place, 'tis up,
There you may read it. He ſhall have half the Empire.
Get. A pretty Farm i'faith.
Nig. And th' Emperor's Siſter, the fair *Aurelia* for his Wife.
Get. You ſay well Friend: But hark ye,
Who ſhall do this?
Nig. You, if you dare?
Get. I think ſo.
Yet I could poyſon him in a Cup of Wine,
He loves that mightily. But when I have done this,
May I lie with the Gentlewoman?
Nig. Lie with her? I, what elſe man?
Get. Yes, indeed,
I have known a married man that ne'er lay with his Wife;
Thoſe dancing Days were done.
Nig. Theſe are old Soldiers,
I'll try their Appetites. Save you, brave Soldiers.
Max. You talkt (Sir,) of Proſcriptions.

Nig. 'Tis true, there's one set up from the Emperor,
Against *Volusius Aper?*
Dio. Aper?
Del. Now; now have you found the Boar?
Dio. I have the meaning now, most blessed Mother ——
Nig. He has scorn'd his Master;
And bloodily cut off by Treachery,
His Noble Brother.
Dio. He is living,
But weak, and sickly, Sir.
Nig. Did you see him?
Max. No.
Nig. He is murther'd;
So you shall find it mention'd from the Emperor.
And honest faithful Soldiers, pray believe it,
For by the Gods you'll find it so; he's murther'd,
The manner how, read in the large Proscription.
Del. It is most true Son. *Aper*'s a Villain, and a Murderer.
Dio. I thank you Mother,
And dare believe. Hark you Sir, is the recompence
As you related?
Nig. As firm as Faith, Sir.
Bring him alive, or dead.
Max. You have taken a fit time.
The General being out of Town: for tho' we love him not,
Yet had he known this first, you had paid for't dearly.
Dio. 'Tis *Niger*; honest *Niger:* now I know him.
A true sound man, the business may be done.
Make no great stay, for your own safety, here.
Nig. I am gone; I thank you. [*Exit* Nig.
Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.
Max. I'll Pray, and Work too.
Dio. I'll to the Market-place, and read the offer,
Now I have found the Boar.
Del. Find your own Faith: remember what you Vow'd.
Dio. Oh, Mother.
Del. Prosper.
Get. If my Master, and I do this, there must be two Emperors.
What Honour to this Empire will it be,
To have two such Emperors, as I, and He? [*Exeunt.*

End of the First Act. ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene continues.

Enter Delphia, *and* Druſilla.

Dru. LEave us, and not vouchſafe a parting kiſs
To her, that in his hopes of Greatneſs lives,
And goes along with him in all his Dangers?
Del. I grant 'twas moſt unkind.
Druſ. Oh you give it too mild a name;
'Twas more than barbarous! and you join'd in it.
Del. I, my *Druſilla?*
Druſ. Yes, you have blown his Pride to ſuch a vaſtneſs,
He thinks the Empire of the Earth too little.
This makes him quite forget his humble being;
And can I hope that he, who only fed
With the imagin'd Food of future Empire,
Diſdaining thoſe who gave him Means, and Life,
To nouriſh ſuch Deſires; when he's poſſeſt
Of his ambitious Ends (which muſt fall on him,
Or your Predictions falſe) will ever
Deſcend to look on me?
Del. Were his intents,
Perfidious as the Seas, or Winds, his Heart
Compos'd of Falſhood; yet the benefit,
The greatneſs of the Good he has from you,
(For what I have confer'd, is thine *Druſilla*)
Muſt make him firm, and thankful. But if all
Remembrance of the Debts he ſtands ingag'd for,
Find a quick Grave in his Ingratitude:
My powerful Art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him Curſe the Hour he 'ere was rais'd,
Or ſink him to the Center.
Druſ. I had rather
Your Art could force him to return that Ardour,
To me, I bear to him; or give me Power
To moderate my Paſſions. Yet I know not,

I ſhould

I ſhould repent your Grant, tho' you had ſign'd it,
(So well I think him worthy of my Love)
But to believe that any check to him,
In his vaſt Hopes, could yield content to me,
Were Treaſon to my Love, that knows no pleaſure,
The Object which it dotes on, being miſerable.

Del. Pretty ſimplicity, I love thee for't,
And will not ſit an idle looker on,
And ſee it wrong'd. Dry thy innocent Eyes,
And caſt off jealous Fears: (yet Promiſes
Are ſlender Comfort,) and but fancy ought
That's poſſible in Nature, or in Art,
That may advance thy Comfort, and be bold
To tell thy Soul, 'tis thine: therefore ſpeak freely.

Druſ. You give me a new Life. To conceal from you
My Virgin Fondneſs, were to hide my Sickneſs
From my Phyſician. Oh dear Aunt, I languiſh
For want of *Diocle*'s ſight; he is the Sun
That keeps my Blood in a perpetual Spring;
But in his abſence, cold benumming Winter
Seizes on all my Faculties. Would you bind me,
(Who am your Slave already) in more Fetters?
Oh bear me then (but 'tis impoſſible
I fear to be effected) where I may
See how my *Diocles* breaks thro' his Dangers,
And in what heaps his Honours fly upon him;
That I may meet him in the Height, and Pride
Of all his Glories; and there
Challenge him as my own.

Del. Enjoy thy Wiſhes.
This is an eaſie Boon, which at thy Years
I could have given to any.
It ſhall be done, as fits my Skill, and Glory.
From *Ceres*, I will force her winged Dragons,
And in the Air, hung over the Tribunal;
(The Muſick of the Spheres attending on us)
There, as his good Star thou ſhalt ſhine upon him,
If he prove true; and as his Angel, guard him:
But if he dare be falſe, I in a moment
Will put that Glorious Light out, with ſuch horror,

As if eternal Night had ſeiz'd the Sun,
And all things were returnd to the firſt Chaos,
Or raiſe ſome Monſter to devour him quick.
Dru. I fear th' Event; but I will do
Whatever you command.
Del. Reſt then aſſur'd,
I am the Miſtris of my Art, and fear not. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *a Foreſt.*

Enter Aper, Camurius, *and Guard, with a Cloſe Litter, richly adorn'd with Figures of Gold, Trophies, and Plumes of White Feathers.*

Aper. Your Care of your ſick Emperor, Fellow-Soldiers,
In Colours to the Life, does ſhew your Love,
And zealous Duty: O continue it.
And tho' I know you long to ſee and hear him,
Impute it not to Pride, or Melancholy,
That keeps you from your Wiſhes; ſuch State-Vices
(Too too familiar with Great Princes) are
Strangers to all the Actions of the Life
Of good *Numerianus.* Let your Patience
Be the Phyſician to his wounded Eyes,
(Wounded with pious Sorrow for his Father)
Which Time and your long Patience will recover,
Provided it prove conſtant.
1 *Gua.* If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter truſt a prodigal Heir,
When he weeps at his Father's Funeral.
2 *Gua.* Or a young Widow, following a Bed-rid Husband
(After a three-years Sickneſs) to the Fire.
1 *Gua.* Note his Humility, with what ſoft Murmurs
He does inquire his Pleaſures.
2 *Gua.* And how ſoon he is inſtructed.
1 *Gua.* See how low he bows.
Aper. All your Commands (Dread *Ceſar*) I'll impart
To your moſt ready Soldier, to obey 'em;
So take your Reſt in Peace. It is the Pleaſure
Of mighty *Ceſar*, (his Thanks ſtill remembred

For

For your long Patience, with a Donative
Fitting his State to give, ſhall quickly follow)
That you continue a ſtrict Guard upon
His ſacred Perſon, and admit no Stranger,
Of any other Legion, to come near him;
For none but you he'll truſt. I receive
Your Anſwer in your Silence. Now, *Camurius*,
Speak without Flattery; has not *Aper* acted
This Paſſion to the Life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he ſaluted *Cæſar*: But I fear,
Theſe long-protracted Counſels will undo us:
And 'tis beyond my Reaſon, he being dead,
You ſhould conceal your ſelf, or hope it can
Continue undiſcover'd.

Aper. That I have killd him,
Yet feed theſe ignorant Fools with Hopes he lives,
Has a great end in't: The *Pannonian* Cohorts
(That are my own, and ſure) are not come up;
The *German* Legions waver, and *Charinus*
(Brother to this dead Dog) (Hells Plagues on *Niger*,)
Is jealous of the Murther, and I hear,
Is marching up againſt me, 'tis not ſafe,
Till I have Power to juſtifie the Act,
To ſhew my ſelf the Author. Be careful, therefore,
For a ſmall time, (till I have fully ſounded
How the Tribunes and Centurions ſtand affected)
That none come near the Litter. If I find them
Firm to my Party, I'll dare diſcloſe my ſelf;
And then, live *Aper*'s Equal,

Cam. Does not the Body begin to putrifie?

Aper. That exacts my Haſte.
When but even now I feign'd Obedience to it,
As I had ſome great Buſineſs to impart,
The Scent had almoſt choak'd me. Be careful therefore
All keep at diſtance.

Cam. I am taught my Part,
Haſte you to perfect yours. [*Exit Aper.*

1 *Gua.* I had rather meet
An Enemy in the Field, than ſtand thus nodding,
Like a Rug-gown'd Watchman. *Enter*

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, *and* Geta.

Max. A Watch at Noon! This is a new Device.
Cam. Stand.
Dio. I am arm'd against all Danger.
Max. If I do not second you,
A Coward's Name pursue me.
Dio. Now my Fate guide and direct me.
Cam. You are rude, and saucy,
With your forbidden Feet to touch this Ground,
Sacred to *Cæsar* only, and to these
That do attend his Person. Speak, what are you?
Dio. What thou, nor any of thy Faction are,
Nor ever were; Soldiers, and honest Men.
Cam. So blunt?
Dio. No Instruments of Craft, Engines of Murther,
That serve the Emperor only with oyl'd Tongues,
Sooth and applaud his Vices; and when y'ave wrought
So far upon his Weakness, that he's grown
Odious to all the Subject, and himself,
You rid him out of the way.
Cam. Treason.
Dio. 'Tis Truth, and I will make it good.
Cam. Lay hands upon 'em, or kill 'em instantly.
Get. I'll keep my Distance; I do not like the Sport.
Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any Vertue worth a *Roman*,
Or does retain the Memory of the Oath
He made to *Cæsar*, that dares lift his Sword
Against that Man who (careless of his Life)
Comes to discover such a horrid Treason,
As when you hear't, and understand how long
Y'ave been abus'd, will make you mad with Fury.
I am no Stranger, but, like you, a Soldier,
Train'd up one from my Youth; and I see some
With whom I have serv'd; and (not to praise my self)
Must needs confess, they have seen *Diocles*,
In the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do
Beyond a Common Man.

1 *Gua.* *Diocles*!
2 *Gua.* I know him; the braveſt Soldier of the Empire.
Cam. Stand; if thou advance an Inch, thou art dead.
Dio. Die thou, [*Kills Cam.*
That durſt oppoſe thy ſelf againſt a Truth,
That will break out, tho' Mountains cover it.
Get. I fear this is a Sucking Pig, no Boar,
He falls ſo eaſie.
Dio. Hear me, Soldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an Act of Juſtice, and no Murther,
Cut me in pieces: I'll diſperſe the Cloud
That has ſo long obſcur'd a bloody Act,
Ne'er equal'd yet. You all know with what Favours
The good *Numerianus* ever grac't
The Provoſt *Aper*.
1 *Gua.* We all know it well.
Dio. And that thoſe Bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e're had learn'd
The Elements of Honeſty and Truth)
In Loyal Duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Deſert, but with blind haſte
Boldly runs on. But I loſe time. You are here
Commanded by this *Aper* to attend
The Emperor's Perſon: No, my Friends, you are cozen'd,
The good *Numerianus* now is paſt
The ſenſe of Wrong or Injury.
All Gua. How? dead!
Dio. Let your own Eyes inform you.
[*Opens the Litter, and ſhews the Body of the murther'd Emperor.*
Get. Is this an Emperor's Cabinet?
Fough! I have known a Charnel-houſe ſmell ſweeter.
If Emperors Fleſh have this ſavour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?
1 *Gua.* Moſt unheard of Villany!
2 *Gua.* And with all Cruelty to be reveng'd.
1 *Gua.* Who is the Murtherer? Name him, that we may
Both puniſh it in him, and all his Family.

Dio. Who,

Dio. Who but *Aper?*
That barbarous, and moſt ungrateful *Aper*,
His deſperate Poniard printed on his Breaſt
This deadly wound.
Nay, weep not, let your Loves ſpeak in your anger;
And to confirm you gave no ſuffrage to
This damned Plot, lend me your helping Hands
To puniſh the Paricide: And if you find
That there is worth in *Diocles* to deſerve it,
Make him your Leader.
All. A *Diocles!* A *Diocles!* A *Diocles.*
Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. Now my Stars,
If you have any good for me in ſtore
Shew it, when I have ſlain this fatal Boar. [*Exeunt.*

Delphia, *and* Druſilla, *appear in the Air, in a Chariot drawn by Dragons.*

Del. Fix here, and reſt a while your Sail-ſtretch'd Wings,
That have out-ſtript the Winds. The Eye of Heaven
Durſt not behold our ſpeed, but hid it ſelf
Behind the groſſeſt Clouds; and the pale Moon
Pluckt in her Silver Horns; trembling for fear
That my ſtrong Spells ſhould force her from her Sphere.
Such is the power of Art.
Druſ. Good Aunt, where are we?
Del. Look down *Druſilla.* Yonder lofty Towers,
And ſpacious Streets, where every private Houſe
Appears a Pallace to receive a King:
The Site, the Wealth, and Beauty of the Place,
Will ſoon inform thee 'tis Imperial *Rome:*
Rome, the great Miſtriſs of the conquer'd World.
Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me,
Like any Wilderneſs we have paſs'd o're.
Shall I not ſee him?
Del. Yes, and in full glory;
And glut thy eager Eyes with looking on
His proſperous ſucceſs. Contain thy ſelf:
For tho' all things beneath us are tranſparent,
The ſharpeſt ſighted, were he Eagle-Ey'd,

Cannot discover us. Nor will we hang
Idle Spectators to behold his Triumph.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Senators, Guard, *with* Aper *Prisoner*, Geta, *and* Officers.

But when occasion shall present it self,
Do something to add to it. See, he comes.
Drus. How God-like he appears! with such a grace
(The Giants, that attempted to scale Heaven
When they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* Plain)
Mars did appear to *Jove*.
Del. Forbear.
Dio. Look on this,
And when with horror thou hast view'd thy deed,
(Thy most accursed deed) be thy own Judge,
And tell me if thou canst perswade thy self,
To Hope, or Plead for Mercy?
Ape. No; I confess, my Life's a burthen to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy name, a cruel Boar.
I long have hunted for thee; and since now
Thou art in the Toil, it is in vain to hope,
Thou ever shalt break out.
Yet since my future Fate depends upon thee,
Thus to fulfil great *Delphia*'s Propheſie,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour [*kills* Aper.
To fall by *Diocles* Hand. Shine clear my Stars,
That met when I had entrance to the World,
And give Applause to this great Work.
Del. Strike Musick from the Spheres.
Drus. Oh now you honour me! } *A Symphony of Mu-*
Dio. Ha! Musick in the Air! } *sick in the Air.*
All. This is miraculous!
Max. This shews the Gods approve the Person, and the Act.
But hark

First

First SONG.

GReat Diocles *the Boar has kill'd,*
Which did infeſt the Land;
What Heart is not with Rapture fill'd?
Who can his Joys command?
Down, down the bloody Villain falls,
Hated, contemn'd of All;
And now the mighty Spirit calls,
For Rites of Funeral.

CHORUS.

Sing Io's! *praiſe the Thundring* Jove,
Pallas *and* Venus *ſhare;*
Since the All-charming Queen of Love,
Inſpires the God of War.

Second SONG, by a Woman.

CHaron, *the peaceful Shade invites,*
He haſtes to Waft him o're;
Give him all neceſſary Rites,
To land him on the Shore.
Sound all your Inſtruments of War,
Fifes, Trumpets, Timbrels play;
Let all Mankind the Pleaſure ſhare,
And bleſs this happy Day.

CHORUS.

Sound all your Inſtruments, &c.

Max. Now if the Senate
(For in the Soldiers Eyes I read their Love)
Think *Diocles* worthy to supply the place,
Of dead *Numerianus*; as he stands
His Heir in his revenge; with one consent
Salute him Emperor.

1 *Sen.* Long live *Diocles*,
Augustus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all Titles
That are peculiar only to the *Cæsar's*,
We gladly throw on him.

1 *Gua.* We confirm it,
And will defend his honour with our Swords,
Against the World; raise him to the Tribunal.

1 *Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes: And as a sign
We give him absolute power of Life, and Death,
Bind this Sword to his Side.

2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony, that may be for his honour.

While they Invest him with the Imperial Robes, this Martial Song is sung: Trumpets and Ho-Boys joining with them.

LET the Soldiers rejoyce,
With a general Voice,
And the Senate new Honours decree 'em;
Who at his Armies Head,
Struck the fell Monster dead,
And so boldly, and bravely did free 'em.

CHORUS.

Rejoyce, Rejoyce, &c.

To Mars *let 'em raiſe,*
And their Emperors praiſe,
A Trophy of the Armies own making;
To Maximinian *too,*
Some honours are due,
Who joyn'd in the brave undertaking.

CHORUS.

Rejoyce, Rejoyce, &c.

With Flowers let 'em ſtrow,
The way as they go,
Their Statues with Garlands adorning,
Who from Tyrannies Night
Drave the Miſts in their Sight,
And gave 'em a glorious Morning.

CHORUS.

Rejoyce, Rejoyce, &c.

Then a Symphony of Flutes in the Air, and after this

SONG.

SInce the Toils and the Hazards of War's at an end,
The Pleaſures of Love ſhould ſucceed 'em;
The Fair ſhould preſent what the Senators ſend,
And compleat what they have decreed 'em.

With Dances and Songs, with Tambours and Flutes,
Let the Maids ſhew their Joy as they meet him;
With Cymbals and Harps, with Viols and Lutes,
Let the Husbands and True Lovers greet him.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Let the Prieſts with Proceſſions the Hero *attend,*
And Statues erect to his Glory;
Let the Smoak from the Altars to Heaven aſcend,
All ſing Great Diocles *Story.*

Max. Still the Gods
Expreſs that they are pleas'd with the Election.
Get. My Maſter is an Emperor, and I feel
A Senators Itch upon me. Would I could hire
Theſe fine inviſible Fidlers to play to me
At my Inſtalment.
Dio. I embrace your Loves,
And hope the Honours which you heap on me
Shall be with Strength ſupported. I deſire no Titles,
But as I ſhall deſerve 'em. I will keep
My Name, but with this difference, I will add
To *Diocles* but two ſhort Syllables,
And be call'd *Diocleſianus.*
Get. This is fine.
I'll follow the Faſhion, and when I am a Senator,
I'll be no more plain *Geta,* but be call'd
Lord *Getianus.*
Dru. He ne'er thinks of me, nor of your Favour.

Enter Niger.

Del. If he dares prove falſe,
Theſe Glories ſhall be to him as a Dream,
Or an Inchanted Banquet.
Nig. From *Charinus,*
From Great *Charinus,* who with joy has heard
Of your Proceedings, and confirms your Honours.
He, with his beauteous Siſter, fair *Aurelia,*
Are come in Perſon, like themſelves attended,
To gratulate your Fortune.
Dio. For thy News,

Be thou in *France* Pro-Conſul. Let us meet
The Emperor with all Reſpect and Honour.

Trumpets. *Enter* Charinus, Aurelia, *Attendants.*

Dru. Oh Aunt! I ſee this Princeſs does eclipſe
The luſtre of my Beauty, tho' I were
My ſelf to be the Judge.
Del. Relie on me.
Cha. 'Tis Vertue, and not Birth, that makes us Noble.
Great Actions ſpeak Great Minds, and ſuch ſhould govern;
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a Brother,
A Fellow, and Copartner in the Empire,
I do embrace you: May we live ſo far
From Difference, or emulous Competition,
That all the World may ſay, although two Bodies,
We have one Mind.
Aur. When I behold this Object,
The dead *Numerianus*, I ſhould waſh
His Wounds with Tears, and pay a Siſter's Sorrow
To his ſad Fate: but ſince he lives again
In your moſt brave Revenge, I bow to you,
As to a Power which gave him ſecond Life,
And will make good my Promiſe. If you find
That there is Worth in me that may deſerve you,
Altho' my Youth and Fortune may require
Both to be ſu'd and ſought to, here I yield
My ſelf to be your Wife.
Dio. Oh you Gods!
Teach me how to be thankful; you have pour'd
All Bleſſings on me, that ambitious Man
Could ever fancy. Till this happy minute
I ne'er ſaw Beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a Woman. On my Knees
I thus receive you; and, if you vouchſafe it,
This day I am doubly married, to the Empire,
And your fair ſelf.
Del. Falſe and perfidious Villain———
Dru. Let me fall headlong on him. Oh my Stars!
This I foreſaw, and fear'd.

Cha. Call in a *Flamen*; this Knot
Shall instantly be ty'd.
Del. But it shall not,
If Art or Hell have any strength.

Enter a Flamen. *Thunder and Lightning. The Stage is darkned on a sudden. A dreadful Monster comes from the further end of the Scenes, and moves slowly forward.*

Cha. Prodigious!
Max. How soon the Day's o're-cast!
Fla. The Signs are fatal.
Juno smiles not upon this Match, and shews
She has her Thunder too. Defer the Marriage,
Or this fell Monster will devour you all.
Dio. Can there be a Stop to all my Happiness?
Cha. We were too violent,
And I repent my haste. First let us pay
All Rites of Funeral to my dead Brother;
Perhaps that may appease the angry Gods.

The Musick flourish. They who made the Monster separate in an instant, and fall into a Figure, ready to begin a Dance of Furies.

Cha. 'Tis wonderful. Here, take up the Body;
And when we have plac'd his Ashes in his Urn,
We'll try the Gods again.
[*Exeunt Trumpets and Drums, sounding and beating a dead March.*
Del. So, 'tis deferr'd yet, in despite of Falshood.
Comfort, *Drusilla*; for he shall be thine.
Some Rites I must perform to *Hecate*,
To perfect my Designs; Which finish'd once,
He shall be made obedient to thy Call,
Or in his Ruine I will bury all.

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene *a Room, Chairs in it, the Hangings and Figures* Grotesk.

Enter Maximinian.

Max. WHat powerful Star ſhin'd at this Man's Nativity,
And bleſt his homely Cradle with full Glory?
What Throngs of People preſs and buz about him,
And with their humming Flatteries ſing him *Cæſar?*
How the fierce-minded Soldier bows before him?
Charinus ſues, the Emperor intreats him;
And his bright charming Siſter doats on him:
All worſhip him; yet I'm ſtill *Maximinian:*
What have I got by this? I have gone as far
To wooe this purblind Honour, as he has;
And done as much, run thro' as many Perils:
Only the Executioner of *Aper,*
(Which I miſtook) has made him Emperor,
And me his Slave.

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla.

Del. Stand ſtill, he cannot ſee us, till I pleaſe.
This Diſcontentment I have forc'd into him,
For thy Cauſe, my *Druſilla.*
Max. Can the Gods ſee this?
See it with Juſtice, and confer their Bleſſings
On him, that never flung one Grain of Incenſe
Upon their Altars, never bow'd his Knee yet?
And I, that have march'd Foot by Foot, ſtruck equally,
Contemning his baſe, covetous——
Del. Now we'll appear.
Max. Bleſs me, ye Gods! And with all Reverence---[*Kneels.*
Del. Stand up, my Son;
And wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle:
I know thy Thoughts, and I appear to eaſe 'em.
Max. Oh Mother! did I ſtand the tenth part to you

Engag'd and fetter'd, as my Uncle does,
How would I serve, how would I fall before you?
How worship and adore you?
Del. Peace, and flatter not;
Necessity and Anger draws this from you,
Of both which I forgive you. For your Uncle,
'Twas I foretold this Honour, it fell on him,
Fell to his full Content. He has forgot me,
For all my Care, forgot me, and his Vow too;
And I have forgot him; let him stand fast now.
Come hither: My Care shall be for you.
Max. Oh blessed Mother! [*She charms him.*
Del. Stand still, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
Go and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*;
Stand in her View, make your Addresses to her;
Prepare some Musick, and then shew your self,
And mark the Consequence: I'll say no more,
But Fortune is your Servant; go, and be happy.
Max. I know all this is holy Truth.
Del. Believe, and prosper. [*Exit* Maximinian.
Dru. Yet all this cures not me:
You had full as much Belief from *Diocletian*.

Enter Geta, Lictors, *and Suitors with Petitions.*

Del. Be not dejected, I have warn'd you often;
The proudest Thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this?
O, 'tis the Fool, and Knave, grown a grave Officer:
He's hot with high Preferment.
Get. What's your Bill? For Gravel for the *Appian* Way,
And Pills. Is the Way Rheumatick?
1 *Suit.* 'Tis Piles, an't please your Worship.
Get. Remove me those Piles to *Port Esqueline*,
'Tis fitter for the Place. You shall be paid.
1 *Suit.* I thank your Honour.
Get. Thank me when you have it;
Thank me another way, you you are an Ass else.
I know my Office. Lord, how these Fellows throng!
That Knave has eaten Garlick; whip him, and bring him back.

2 *Suit.* I

2 *Suit.* I beſeech your Worſhip;
Here's an old Reck'ning for the Dung and Dirt, Sir.
Get. It ſtinks like thee; away. Yet let him tarry.
Let's ſee your Bill: Give your Petitions
In ſeemly ſort, and keep your Caps off decently.
For ſcowring the Water-courſes thro' the City?
A fine *Periphraſis* for a Kennel-raker.
Did you ſcowr all, my Friend? You had ſome Buſineſs.
Who ſhall ſcowr you? You're to be paid, I take it,
When Surgeons ſwear you have perform'd your Office.
3 *Suit.* Your Worſhip's merry.
Get. We muſt be ſometimes witty,
To nick a Knave; 'tis uſeful to our Gravity.
I'll take no more Petitions; I am peſter'd;
Give me ſome Reſt?
3 *Suit.* I have brought the Gold (an't pleaſe ye)
About the Place you promis'd.
Get. See him enter'd. How does your Daughter?
3 *Suit.* The better for your Worſhip.
Get. This is too little: But let me ſee your Daughter;
'Tis a good forward Girl. I'll take no more Petitions.
Lic. You ſee the *Edile*'s buſie.
Get. Look to your Places, or I'll make you ſmoak elſe.
I drank a Cup of Wine at your Houſe yeſterday,
It was ſmart Wine, my Friend.
Lic. Send him the Piece; he likes it.
Get. And eat the beſt Wild Boar at that ſame Farmer's.
2 *Suit.* I have half left yet; your Worſhip ſhall command it
Get. A Bit will ſerve. Give me ſome reſt. Gods help me.
How ſhall I labour when I am a Senator?
Del. 'Tis a fit Place indeed. Save you, Sir.
Does not your Worſhip know us?
Get. Theſe Women are ſo troubleſom.
There be Houſes providing for ſuch wretched Creatures,
Houſes of ſmall Rents, to ſet old Wives a ſpinning.
Dru. We are no Spinſters, Sir, nor, if you look on us,
So wretched as you take us.
Del. Does your Mightineſs
(For that's a great Deſtroyer of the Memory)
Yet underſtand our Faces?

Get. Prethee

Get. Prethee keep off, Woman.
It is not fit I should know every Creature.
What, ho! I was familiar heretofore?
I must not know thee now: my Place neglects thee;
Yet cause I have a glimps of your remembrance,
Give me your Suites, and wait me a Month hence.
Del. Our Suites (Sir) are, to see the Emperor;
The Emperor *Diocletian*, to speak with him;
And not to wait on you. We have told you all Sir.
Get. I laugh at your simplicity, poor Women.
To see the Emperor; you are deceiv'd now;
The Emperor appears but once in seven Years,
And then he shines not on such Weeds as you are.
Yet now I think on't; wait in that Room of State,
Perhaps he may come forth. All leave me but my Officers.
Del. I thank you, Sir; [*Ex.* Suit.
Come my *Drusilla*, we shall see him there. [*Ex.* Del. Drus.
Get. I am too merciful, I find it Friends;
Of too soft a nature for an Officer;
I bear too much remorse.
Lic. 'Tis your own fault, Sir:
For look ye, one so newly warm in Office,
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Justice;
Hit where it will: the more you Whip and Hang, Sir,
(Tho without cause, let that shew it self afterward)
The more you are admir'd, and fear'd, Sir.
Get. I think it should be so.
Lic. Your Country-men are by nature Cholericks,
And prone to Anger.
Get. Nay, I can be Angry;
And the best is, I need shew no reason for't.
Lic. You need not, Sir, your Place is without reason;
And what you want in Learning, and in Judgment,
Make up with Rule, and Rigor.
Get. A rare Counsellor!
Instruct me further. Is it fit, my Friend,
The Emperor, my Master *Diocletian*,
Should now remember, or the Times, or Manners,
Call'd him, plain, down-right *Diocles*?

Lic. He

Lic. He muſt not; it ſtands not with his Royalty.
Get. I grant ye.
I being then the *Edile Geſtianus*,
A Man of Place, and Judge; is it held requiſite
I ſhould commit to my conſideration,
Thoſe Raſcals of remov'd, and ragged Fortunes,
Who with unreverend Mouths, call'd me *Slave Geta*?
Lic. You muſt forget their Names; your Honour bids you.
Get. I will forget 'em, but I'll hang their Natures.
I will aſcend my Place, which is of Juſtice;
And Mercy I forget thee.
Lic. A rare Magiſtrate! another *Solon* ſure.
Get. An Hour hence I'll ſit in State, in this Place,
And then, hang all are brought before me. [*Exeunt.*

A Curtain falls repreſenting the entrance into the inner part of a Magnificent Pallace. A noble Arch; behind it two Embroider'd Curtains, part of the firſt ty'd up on either ſide, the farther Curtain hanging down. Figures of Diana, *on each ſide of the Arch ſtanding on large Pedeſtalls.*

Enter Diocles.

Dio. How am I croſs'd, and tortur'd?
My moſt wiſht Happineſs, my lovely Miſtriſs,
Who muſt compleat my Hopes, and link my Greatneſs,
Yet ſevered from my Arms? Tell me, high Heaven,
How have I ſinned, that you ſhould ſpeak in Thunder?
In horrid Thunder, when my Heart was ready
To leap into her Breaſt, the Prieſt was ready,
The fair *Aurelia* ready. You gave the honour,
And ere you gave it full, could you deſtroy it?

Enter Delphia, *and* Druſilla.

Or was there ſome dire Star? ſome Devil that did it?
Some ſad malignant Angel to my honour?
With you, I dare not rage.

Del. With

Get. Prethee keep off, Woman.
It is not fit I ſhould know every Creature.
What tho' I was familiar heretofore?
I muſt not know thee now: my Place neglects thee;
Yet 'cauſe I have a glimps of your remembrance,
Give me your Sutes, and wait me a Month hence.
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The Emperor *Diocleſian*, to ſpeak with him;
And not to wait on you. We have told you all Sir.
Get. I laugh at your ſimplicity, poor Women.
To ſee the Emperor; you are deceiv'd now;
The Emperor appears but once in ſeven Years,
And then he ſhines not on ſuch Weeds as you are.
Yet now I think on't; wait in that Room of State,
Perhaps he may come forth. All leave me but my Officers.
Del. I thank you, Sir; [*Ex.* Suit.
Come my *Druſilla*, we ſhall ſee him there. [*Ex.* Del. Druſ.
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Of too ſoft a nature for an Officer;
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For look ye, one ſo newly warm in Office,
Should lay about him blindfold, like true Juſtice;
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Some ſad malignant Angel to my honour?
With you, I dare not rage.

Del. With

Del. With me thou canſt not,
Tho' it was I; nay look not pale, and frighted;
I'll fright you more: with me thou canſt not quarrel.
I rais'd the Thunder to rebuke thy falſhood.
Look here, to her thy falſhood. Now be angry,
And be as great in Evil, as in Empire.
Dio. Bleſs me ye Powers!
Del. True, thou haſt need of Bleſſing.
'Twas I that at thy great Inauguration,
Hung in the Air unſeen. 'Twas I that honour'd thee
With various Muſick, and ſweet ſounding Airs.
But why did I all this? To keep thy Honeſty,
Thy Vow, and Faith; that once forgot, and ſlighted,
All other Bleſſings leave you; nay *Aurelia*
(Unleſs thou ſoon repent) ſhall ſcorn, and hate thee.
Druſ. Yet conſider,
As you are Noble, as I have deſerv'd ye;
For yet you are free. If neither Faith, nor Promiſe,
Nor Deeds of former times may be remembred;
Let theſe new dropping Tears, for I ſtill love you,
Theſe Hands held up to Heaven. —— (you,
Dio. I can pitty you, but that is all; I'll not diſſemble with
I muſt not offer more, 'twere moſt unwiſe in me.
Del. How? were it not wiſe?
Dio. Nor honorable,
A Princeſs is my Love, ſhe dotes on me;
A fair, and lovely Princeſs is my Miſtriſs.
I am an Emperor: conſider Propheteſs,
I am now for Queens, for none but Divine Beauties;
To look ſo low as this cheap common ſweetneſs,
Would ſpeak me mean ſtill, and my Glories nothing.
I grant I made a Vow; what was I then?
As ſhe is now, of no note, (Hope made me Promiſe,)
But as I am, to keep this Vow were monſtrous,
A madneſs, and a low inglorious fondneſs.
Del. Take heed, proud Man.
Druſ. Princes may love with Titles,
But I with Truth.
Del. Take heed: here ſtands thy Deſtiny.
Thy Fate depends on her.

Dio. Thou

Dio. Thou doating Sorceress;
Would'st have me love this thing? that is not worthy
To wait upon my Saint, to be her Shadow.
A Princess is her slave; when she appears
Bows her beck. The mighty *Persia*'s Daughter
(Bright as the breaking *East*, as mid-day Glorious)
Waits her commands, is proud to serve her Pleasures.
Some honorable Match I will provide for her,
That shall advance you both; mean time I'll smile on you.
[*Exit.*

Del. Mean time I'll haunt you. Cry not Child, be confident.
'Ere long thou shalt more pitty him, (observe me)
And pitty him in truth, than now thou seekst him.
My Art shall fail me else; come, no more weeping. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *the former Chamber, hung with Grotesk-Work.*

Enter Geta, *and* Lictors.

Get. Set me my Chair.
And now I'll put on a Face of Authority.
A Whipping, Torturing, Hanging Face; 'tis well.
Now, bring in the Offenders.

1 *Lic.* There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.

Get. How? am I ready? and my Anger too?
The fury of a Magistrate upon me,
And no Offenders to execute my Rage on?
Ha! no Offenders Knaves?

1 *Lic.* There are Knaves indeed, Sir;
We hope shortly to have 'em for your Worship.

Get. No Man to Hang, or Whip? are you good Officers,
To provide no Fuel for a Judges Fury?
In this Place, something must be done. This Chair
When I sit down, must savour of severity:
Therefore I warn ye all, bring me leud People,
Or likely to be leud; Twigs must be cropt too.
Let me have Evil Persons in abundance,
Or make 'em Evil, 'tis all one; do but say so,
That I may have fit matter for a Magistrate,

Then let me work. If I ſit idle once more,
And loſe my longing; as I am true *Edile*,
And as I hope to rectifie my Country,
You are the Scabs I'll ſcratch from the Common-Wealth;
You are thoſe Raſcals of the State I'll puniſh,
And you ſhall find, and feel it.

1 *Lic.* You ſhall have many, many notorious People.

Get. Let 'em be People,
And keep notorious to your ſelves. Mark me *Lictors*,
If I be angry; as my Place will ask it:
And want fit matter to execute my Authority on:
I'll hang a hundred of you. I'll not ſtay
To inquire further into your Offences.
It is ſufficient that I find no Criminals,
And therefore I muſt make ſome; let that ſuffice.
For ſo runs my Commiſſion.

Enter Delphia, *and* Druſilla.

Get. What are theſe?

Del. You muſt not mourn ſtill; ſome recreation
To allay this ſadneſs, muſt be ſought. What's here?
Some ſenceleſs People Worſhipping a Sign in Office.

Get. Lay hold on her, and hold her faſt;
She'll ſlip thro' your Fingers like an Eel elſe;
I know her Tricks. Hold her, I ſay, and bind her.
Or hang her firſt, and then I'll tell you wherefore.

Del. What have I done?

Get. Thou haſt done enough to undo thee.
Thou haſt preſs'd to the Emperor's preſence without my Warrant,
I being his Key, and Image.

Del. You are, indeed, an Image;
And of the courſeſt Stuff, and the worſt making,
That 'ere I lookt on yet.
I'll make as good an Image of an Aſs.

Get. Beſides, thou art a Woman of a leud life.

Del. I am no Whore, Sir, nor no common fame
Has 'ere proclaim'd me vitious to the People.

Get. Thou art to me, a damnable leud Woman,
Which is as ſtrong a proof as if Forty ſwore it.
I know thou art a keeper of tame Devils,

And whereas great and grave Men of my Place,
Can by the Law be allow'd but one a piece
For their own Services and Recreation,
Thou, like a Traiterous Quean, keep'ſt twenty Devils,
Twenty in Ordinary.
Del. Pray, Sir, be pacified,
If that be all; and if you want a Servant,
You ſhall have one of mine ſhall ſerve for nothing;
A faithful, diligent, and a wiſe Devil.
For what uſe do you want one?
Get. Let her go.
We men of buſineſs muſt uſe ſpeedy Servants.
Let me ſee all your Family.
Del. You ſhall; I have Devils of all kinds ready for you.
Get. Let me ſee; a Devil for Intelligence? No, no,
He will lye beyond all Travellers. A State Devil?
Neither; he'll out-do me at my own Weapon.
An Evidencing Devil? he'll out-ſwear me,
And turn my Plots upon my ſelf. An impudent Devil?
That can out-face a Judge upon the Bench.
He may hang others, then he may hang me.
A holy Devil? one that can out-do
The High-Prieſt in Hipocriſie. That's dangerous:
He'll broach ſome new Religion; and we are
Already over-ſtockt with ſeeming Saints;
Or over-zealous mad men, that are as bad.
A Devil that can ſpeak all Languages:
To entertain Embaſſadors in their own Tongues.
Or elſe ſome pleaſant Airie, Dancing Devils,
To treat the Ladies with, who viſit me.
Thoſe would do well.
Del. It ſhall be done.
Sit there; and if you love your own Life, ſtir not.
'Ill give you a taſte of my Art immediately.
You ſee thoſe Antick Figures in the Hangings.
Get. Yes, very well.
Del. They are all Spirits; all at my command.
My Servants all, and they ſhall entertain you;
Come forth, and Dance before this mighty *Edile.*
Come forth, and leave your Shaddows in your places.

The Figures come out of the Hangings and Dance; And Figures exactly the ſame appear in their places: When they have danc'd a while, they go to ſit on the Chairs, they ſlip from 'em, and after joyn in the Dance with 'em.

Get. Shall theſe Devils be at my command?
Del. They ſhall be more obedient than your ſlaves.
You ſhall have other Spirits if you pleaſe,
Shall take you up, and bear you thro' the Air;
Hurricania, appear; and take him up.
Get. O deliver me! deliver me! [Get. *runs off, the Lictors follow him.*

Del. So; I have frighted him ſufficiently,
He'll trouble us no more. Come my *Druſilla*,
Th' Embaſſadors of *Perſia* are now
With th' Emperor *Charinus* and *Aurelia*,
Demanding freedom for their Maſter's Siſter,
The fair *Caſſana*, whom the haughty Princeſs
Shall ſtill retain, and ſend th' Embaſſadors
In diſcontent away. Come, do not grieve,
Thou ſoon ſhalt ſee this proud ingrateful man,
So miſerable, thou ſhalt pitty him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene *a Magnificent Pallace.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Caſſana, Ambaſſadors, *and* Attendants.

Aur. Never diſpute with me, you ſhall not have her;
Nor name the greatneſs of your King, I deſpiſe him.
Your Knees move nothing; ſhould your Maſter bow thus,
It were his Duty, and my Power ſhould ſcorn him.
Cha. She is her Woman (never ſue to me)
And in her Power to render her, or keep her.
She is my Siſter, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own ſnatcht from her.
Amb. We only beg her,
To name what Ranſom ſhe will pleaſe to think of,

Jewels,

Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.
Aur. No Ranſom,
No not your Kings own Head, his Crown upon it,
And all the low ſubmiſſions of his People.
Amb. Fair Princeſs's, ought to have tender thoughts.
Aur. Is ſhee too good,
To wait upon the mighty Emperor's Siſter?
What Princeſs of that Sweetneſs, or that Excellence?
Sprung from the proudeſt, and the mightieſt Monarchs,
But may be highly bleſt, to be my Servant?
Caſ. 'Tis moſt true, mighty Princeſs.
Aur. Has my fair uſage
Made you ſo much deſpiſe me, and my Fortune,
That you grow weary of my Entertainments?
Henceforward, as you are I will command you;
And as you were ordain'd my Priſoner,
My Slave, and one I may diſpoſe of any way,
No more my fair Companion: tell your King ſo.
I'll uſe her as I pleaſe, and that's your Anſwer.
Amb. Our Maſter with a mighty Army's near;
I know he'll venture all to free his Siſter; [*Aſide.*
You are the cauſe then of the War: for ſince
Entreaty can't prevail, force muſt compel. [*Ex.* Amb.

Muſick and a SONG.

Enter *Maximinian*, he ſtands gazing on the Princeſs all the time of the Song.

WHat ſhall I do to ſhow how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sigh's can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts, never can move her,
Thoſe common methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe.

I will love more than Man 'ere lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
Till for her own ſake at laſt ſhe'll implore me,
To love her leſs to preſerve our delight.

Since

Since Gods themſelves could not ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys:
I wiſh my Love could be always improving,
Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.

In Fair Aurelia's *Arms leave me expiring,*
To be Embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath;
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring:
Never had Hero *ſo glorious a Death.*

Max. Now, if thou be'ſt a Propheteſs, and canſt do
Things of that wonder that thy Tongue delivers,
Canſt raiſe me too, now ſhew thy mighty Pow'r.
How ſhe eyes me?
How ſweet, how fair, and lovely ſhe appears?
Her Eyes, like bright Noon-beams, ſhoot thorow me.
Aur. Oh my dear Friend, where have you been?
Max. Where am I?
Who does ſhe take me for? Work ſtill, work ſtrongly.
Aur. Why have you fled my Love, and my Embraces?
Max. Is this real? I dare not truſt my Senſes.
Aur. Can a Clap of Thunder,
The Cauſe being as common as the Noiſe is,
Strike Terror to a Soldier's Heart? a Monarch's?
Thro' all the Fires of angry Heaven, thro' Tempeſts,
That ſing of nothing but Deſtruction,
Even underneath the Bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would ſeek you,
And fly into your Arms.
Max. I ſhall be mighty!
Cha. Fie, Siſter, fie:
What a forgetful Weakneſs is this in you?
What a light Carriage? Theſe are Words and Offers
Due only to your Husband *Diocleſian.*
Aur. 'Tis ſtrange,
That only empty Names compel Affections.

This

This Man you see, give what Name or Title,
Let it be ne'er so mean, ne'er so despis'd; Brother,
This lovely Man——
Max. Tho' I be hang'd, I'll on.
Aur. This sweet young Man——
Max. Oh Propheteſs! Incomparable Woman!
Aur. This Man, I say,
Let him be what he will, or bear what Fortune,
This most unequal'd Man, deserves the Bed of *Juno.*
Cha. You are not mad?
Max. I hope she is; I am sure I am little better.

Enter Diocles

My Uncle comes. Now if she's firm, I am happy.
Cha. For Honours sake, be careful.
Dio. Oh my fair Mistris!
Aur. What Man is this? Away; What sawcy Fellow?
How came this base mean Creature to my Presence?
Dio. Have you forgot me, Fair? Or do you jest with me?
I'll tell you how I came; pray look more kindly.
Nothing but Frowns and Scorns!
Aur. Who is this Fellow?
Dio. I'll tell you who: I am your Husband, Madam.
Aur. Husband to me?
Dio. Yes, to you, Madam: I am *Diocleſian.*
Max. More of this sport, and I am made. Oh Mother!
Compleat what is begun.
Dio. I am he, Madam,
Reveng'd your Brother's Death, slew cruel *Aper.*
I am he the Soldier courts, the Emperor honours,
Your Brother loves. I am he (my beauteous Mistris)
Will make you Empress of the World.
Aur. 'Tis false, thou art not he: Thou that brave Man!
Cha. Is there no Shame, no Modesty in Woman?
Aur. Thou one of his high Rank!
Dio. Good Gods! What ails she?
Aur. Generous, and Noble! Fie, thou art no such Person.
Thou art a poor *Dalmatian* Slave, a low thing,
Not worth the Name of *Roman.* Stand off, further.
Dio. What can this mean?

Aur. Come

Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion*;
Come shew thy self, and bless all Eyes look on you.
Dio. Ha! What is this?
Aur. Thou fair Star that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full Brightness.
Here is a Face now of another making,
Another Mould; here's a Divine Proportion;
Eyes fit for *Phœbus* self to gild the World with.
Look there, and wonder. Now behold that Fellow,
That admirable Face, cut with an Ax out.
Dio. And do you speak this truly?
Cha. She's mad, and you must pardon her.
Dio. By Heaven, she hangs on him!
Cha. Be not disturb'd, Sir; 'tis but the Fondness of her Fit.
Dio. I am fool'd; and if I suffer this ——
Cha. Pray be pacifi'd; this Fit will soon be off.
Let her go, Sir; a little Rest will bring her to her self.
Dio. You, Sir, [*Exit* Aurelia.
Max. Well, Sir.
Dio. Base as thou art, how durst you touch that Lady?
Max. I am your Kinsman, Sir; no such base Fellow:
I sought her not, nor had I any reason
To thrust a Princess from me; 'twas no Manners.
What she bestow'd was Courtesie, and I thank her.
Dio. Villain, be gone.
Max. I will, and I will go with Glory off,
And magnifie my Fate. [*Exit* Maximinian.
Dio. Good Sir, leave me; I am a Trouble to my self now.
Cha. I am sorry for't, and hope
You'll find it but a Womans Fit to try you.
Dio. It may be so.
Into what misery has Fortune brought me, [*Exit* Charinus.
And how long must I suffer? Poor humble Beings,
Tho' they know Want and Hunger, know not these,
Know not these killing Fates: A little serves 'em,
And with that little they're content. O Honour!
How greedily Men seek thee! and once purchas'd,
How many Enemies to Man's Peace bring'st thou?

Enter

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla.

When I preſum'd I was bleſt with this fair Woman,
Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'ſt him.
Dio. When all my Hopes were up, and Fortune ſhew'd me
To all the World, the Greateſt, Happieſt Monarch;
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated baſely,
By my own Kinſman too! I'll kill the Villain.
But can I kill her Hate too? No, he wooes not;
She ſeeks him. Shall I kill an Innocent?
Oh Fortune!
Could'ſt thou find none to fool, and blow like Bladders,
But Kings, and their Contents?
Del. What think you now, Girl?
Dru. Upon my Life, I pity his misfortune.
See how he weeps! I cannot hold my Tears now.
Del. Away, Fool;
He muſt weep bloody Tears before thou haſt him.
How fare you now, brave *Diocleſian?*
For ſhame! tyr'd with your Love? Has too much Pleaſure
Dull'd your mighty Faculties?
Dio. Art thou there,
More to torment me? Doſt thou come to mock me?
Del. I do, I come to laugh at all thy Sufferings;
I who have wrought 'em, come to ſcorn thy Sorrows.
I told thee once, this is thy Fate, this Woman;
And as thou uſeſt her, ſo thou ſhalt proſper.
It is not in thy power to turn this Deſtiny,
Nor ſtop the Torrent of thy Miſeries.
Thou who didſt think no Power could croſs thy Pleaſure,
Shalt find a Fate above thee.
Dru. Good Aunt, ſpeak mildly; behold how pitiful he looks.
Dio. I find, and feel too, that I am miſerable.
Del. Thou art, moſt miſerable.
Dio. And didſt thou work this Miſchief?
Del. I did, and will purſue it.
Dio. O ſtay, and have ſome pity: Fair *Druſilla*,
Thou that half lov'd me, let me beg of thee,
I know my Suit muſt ſeem unjuſt to thee,
To make thy Love the means to loſe it ſelf:

Yet, Oh! have pity on me.

Dru. I will have pity.

Del. Peace, Child; this Softneſs may become thy Love,
But not my Anger: The ſame Kindneſs he ſhews thee,
The ſame *Aurelia* ſhall ſhew him, no farther;
Nor ſhall the Wealth of all his Empire change this.

Dio. I muſt ſpeak fair. Lovely young Maid, forgive me;
Look gently on my Sorows; you can grieve too,
I ſee it in your Eyes; and thus I thank you. [*Kneels.*

Dru. Oh Aunt! now I am bleſt!

Dio. Be not both young and cruel. Kneeling I beg it ſtill.

Dru. Riſe, Sir, I grant it. Now, Aunt, he is my own.

Enter Aurelia.

Del. Thou art deceiv'd; not yet, Girl.

Aur. Oh my dear Lord! how have I wrong'd your Patience?
How wandred from the Truth of my Affections?
How like a wanton Fool, ſhunn'd that I lov'd moſt?
But you are full of Goodneſs to forgive, Sir,
As I of Grief to beg, and Shame to take it.
Sure I was not my ſelf; ſome Dream wrought on me,
Or ſtrange Illuſion: Can you pardon it?

Dio. All my Delight!
My Life! I with more pleaſure take thee,
Than if there had been no ſuch Dream; for certain,
It was no more,

Aur. Now you have forgiven me,
I'll take my leave. The good Gods bleſs ſuch Goodneſs, [*Ex. Au.*

Del. You ſee how Kindneſs proſpers. Be ſo juſt
To marry my *Druſilla*; ſee then what Joys,
What Pleaſures, greater than this Lady can beſtow,
Shall always wait on you.

Dio. I'll die a Dog firſt.
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her,
In ſpite of all thy Spirits, and thy Witchcrafts.

Del. Thou ſhalt not, Fool.

Dio. I will, old doating Devil.
Look thou appear no more to croſs my Pleaſures:
And wert thou any thing but Air and Spirit,
My Sword ſhould end the Difference. [*Exit* Diocles.

Del. I contemn thy Threats. Come, look up, Girl:
The *Perſians* ſhall lay an Ambuſh for 'em,
And they ſhall fall into the Net, they ſhall.
If he repent not ſoon, I have a Spell
Shall make him feel on Earth the Plagues of Hell. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Scene *the Great Curtain.*

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla.

Del. 'Tis done, *Druſilla*, the great Work is done;
Charinus, *Maximinian*, *Aurelia*,
Are all the *Perſian* Monarch's Priſoners;
He has 'em in his Power. Now ſmile, *Druſilla.*

Dru. Where was my *Diocles* when this was done?

Del. Why he was with 'em; but his Pow'r was vain,
As vain all the Reſiſtance he could make;
They bore their Priſoners off, and he was left——

Dru. How, left! Oh do not torture me with Doubt,
But tell me he is ſafe, and tell me quickly,
Or I ſhall die with Fear.

Del. He is (my Girl) in his own Army, ſafe;
Thou ſhalt behold him inſtantly.

Dru. Lie ſtill, my trembling Heart, ſince he is well.
But how was this effected?

Del. I made the *Perſians* lay an Ambuſh for 'em,
Then drew 'em from the Camp to take the Air,
Attended with a ſtrong and choſen Guard.
I made 'em wander at a Diſtance from 'em,
And brought 'em where the *Perſians* lay conceal'd,
And put 'em in their power. Then *Dioclesian*,
Calling aloud for Succour to the Guard,
Soon gave 'em the Alarm, and made 'em fly
With all the Wings of Speed, to reſcue 'em;
Which they had quickly done, had I not rais'd

A Miſt, which hid the *Perſians* from their Sight,
Guiding 'em till they bore their Priſoners off.
Here comes the Emperor, ready to burſt
With Anger and Deſpair, for this Diſgrace:
We'll ſtand aſide, and mark him.
When *Niger*, and the reſt of 'em are gone,
We'll ſhew our ſelves.

Enter Diocleſian, Niger, *Senators*, *Guard*, *and Soldiers.*

Dio. Talk not of Comfort; I have broke my Faith,
And the Gods fight againſt me.
Could it elſe have been
In Nature, that a few weak *Perſians*
Could (almoſt in my Armies ſight) have forc'd,
And bore in Triumph off, all that I lov'd,
My Brother and Copartner in the Empire,
The *Perſian* Priſoner, and my lovely Miſtris?
(A Jewel which I priz'd above my Life.)
Could this have been, and I want pow'r to reſcue 'em,
If the Immortal Gods I have provok'd,
Had not given Spirit to the Undertakers,
And in their bold Deſign protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Ceſar*,
Your Safety does confirm you are their Care;
And that howe're their Practices reach others,
You ſtand above their Malice.

1 *Gu.* Do but lead us on,
With that invincible and undaunted Courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The Son of Conqueſt; you ſhall ſee us force
(Tho' all the Enemies of the Eaſt conſpire
Againſt your Undertakings) the proud *Perſian*
Out of his ſtrongeſt Hold.

Dio. You give me, Fellow-Soldiers, a new Life;
And tho' (for ſome great Sin) I am markt out
The Object of Heaven's Hate; tho' *Jove* ſtood ready
To dart his threefold Thunder on my Head,
It could not fright me from a fierce Purſuit
Of my Revenge. I will redeem my Friends,

And

And with my Friends, my Honour, at leaſt fall,
Fall like my ſelf, a Soldier, and a *Roman*.
Nig. Now we hear great *Dioclesian* ſpeak.
Dio. Draw up your Legions.
And let it be your care (my much lov'd *Niger*)
To haſten their remove. And fellow Soldiers,
Your love to me, will teach you to indure,
As much as I ſhall, and I ask no more.
1 *Gua.* Die he accurſt,
Who thinks of reſt, or ſleep, before he has
The *Perſians* in his view.
Nig. We know the Honour,
The Dignity of *Rome*, and what's above
All can be urg'd; the quiet of your Mind,
Depends upon our haſte.
All. Happineſs, and glorious Victory attend great *Ceſar*.
[*Exeunt all but* Dioclesian.
Dio. The chearfulneſs of my Soldiers, gives aſſurance
Of good ſucceſs abroad, if firſt I make
My Peace at home here; there is ſomething chides me,
And ſharply tells me, that my breach of Faith,
To *Delphia*, and *Druſilla*, is the ground
Of my misfortunes; ſhe was my better Angel,
And thus I do invoke her. All-knowing *Delphia*!
Thou more, much more than Woman,
Look on thy Creature.
And as thou twice haſt pleas'd to ſhew thy ſelf
To reprehend my falſhood; now vouchſafe
To ſee my low ſubmiſſion. [Del. *and* Druſ. *ſhew themſelves.*
Del. What's thy will?
Falſe, and ungrateful (and in that deſerving
All human ſorrows) dar'ſt thou hope from me,
Relief, or Comfort?
Dio. Penitence can appeaſe
Th' offended Pow'rs; and Sacrifice takes off
Their heavy Augers; this I render both.
The Maſter of great *Rome*; and in that Lord
Of half the *Sun* gives heat, and being to,
Thus ſues for Mercy. Be but as thou wert,
The Bark, and Pilot of my future Fortunes,

And I

And once more steer my Actions to the Port
Of glorious Honour; then if I fall off,
Or break my Faith again to this sweet Virgin,
Join with those Powers who punish Perjury,
To make me an example, to deter
Others from being false.

Drus. Upon my Soul,
You may believe him now: he ne're propos'd
Ought but what's Noble to me; he only try'd
How I could bear unkindness. I see truth
Triumphant in his sorrow. Dearest Aunt,
Both credit him, and help him. Sure you can't,
You can't deny us both, when we thus Plead;
Thus, on our Knees, we both implore your Pardon,
Your Favour, and Assistance.

Dio. How happy had I been, had I ne're lookt,
Beyond this abstract of all Womans goodness!

Del. Rise both,
I know you are sincere, and I forgive you:
But had you persever'd in your Ingratitude,
I had persu'd you with such dreadful torments,
That Life it self had been a burthen to you.

Dio. Could you have added to this Affliction?

Del. Yes, much more: The proud *Aurelia*
Should have receiv'd the same Indignities
She had impos'd on the fair *Persian* Princess:
Which would have gaul'd her haughty Spirit so,
Till Spite, Rage, and Dispair had made her mad,
And kill her self.

Dio. And I had been the cause of all this woe.

Del. I'll shew you what a Noble Monument
You would have rais'd to the Memory of this Princess.

She waves her Wand thrice. Soft Musick is heard. Then the Curtain rises, and shews a stately Tomb: Aurelia *lying in the midst of it, on a Bed of State.*

Del. What say you now, my Son?
Is my Art to be contemn'd?

Dio. 'Tis wonderful!

Del. Ap-

Del. Approach it; view it nearer.
Dio. Ha! 'tis the real Perſon of *Aurelia!*
The livelineſs of her Complexion;
The brightneſs of thoſe all-commanding Eyes
Aſſure me 'tis no Viſion. 'Tis the true,
The real, living Princeſs.
Del. You are deceiv'd, it is Illuſion all.

Delphia *ſtamps, and it vaniſhes: behind it is ſeen a large* Cupola, *ſupported by* Termes *on Pedeſtals. The Propheteſs waves her Wand, the* Termes *leap from their Pedeſtalls, the Building falls, and the* Termes *and* Cupola *are turn'd into a Dance of Butterflies.*

Dio. Miraculous!
Del. Come Son, be not dejected;
I know the cauſes of your diſcontent;
Know you believe your Fame and Honour ſuffers
In their Captivity. Hear *Diocleſian*;
Deſpiſe me, puniſh me for an Impoſtor,
If Fortune waits not on thy Sword, and Victory,
And glorious Victory attends thy Arms!
If thou redeem'ſt not all thy Friends, and haſt not
Thy mightieſt Enemies at thy diſpoſal.
Dio. Now you revive me.
Del. Yet remember,
When you are rais'd up to the higheſt point
Of human Happineſs; ſuch as move beyond it,
Muſt of neceſſity deſcend: think on it;
Remember you'r a man, and uſe thoſe Bleſſings
The Gods beſtow, with moderation.
Dio. I will.
And when I have attain'd this Happineſs,
Even in the height of my exalted Glory;
Something I'll do, ſomething ſo ſingular,
All Monarchs ſhall admire, and but few imitate.
Del. You ſhall ne're repent it.
Dio. Come my *Druſilla*,
Give me thy Hand, and pray for my ſucceſs. [*Exeunt*

Scene

Scene a Forreſt.

Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, *and* Soldiers.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the War?
When the whole Body of the Army moves,
Is't not a glorious ſight?

Get. 'Tis a fine May-game.
But Eating and Drinking is forbidden in't;
I mean with leaſure. We walk on, and feed
Like hungry Boys that haſte to School; or as
We carried Fiſh to the City, dare ſtay no where
For fear our Ware ſhould ſtink.

1 *Gua.* That's the neceſſity of our ſpeedy March.

Get. Sir, I love my eaſe: I hope a Captain,
(And a Gown'd Captain too, one who has ſate
In Furrs upon a Seat of *Judicature*,
Repreſenting the Emperor) may be diſpenc'd with.
I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was Poor,
I could indure like others, Cold, and Hunger;
But ſince I grew Rich, let my Finger ake,
Or feel but the leaſt pain in my great Toe,
Unleſs I have a Doctor, my own Doctor too,
That will inſure my Life; I think I am gone.

Nig. Come, fear not, you ſhall want nothing.

1 *Gua.* We'll make you fight, as you were mad.

Get. Not too much of fighting, Friend;
It is thy Trade, thou art a private Soldier.
We Officers, by our Places, muſt be fine,
And ſtrut, and make a noiſe, get all we can,
But ſtill be careful to preſerve our Carcaſſes.

1 *Gua.* You are mistaken; you muſt kill for Exerciſe,
A Dozen or two a Day.

Get. Thou talk'ſt
As thou wert Louſing thy ſelf. However,
I'll have the fear of Heaven before my Eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.

Nig. Come, march on then;

And

And humour him for our mirth sake.

1 *Gua.* Come Captain; now we are near the Enemy,
You shall have sport I warrant you, and quickly.

Get. Sport do you call it?
Knocking out one anothers Brains a sport?
Deliver me!

1 *Gua.* Here's a brave Soldier!

Nig. He's one pleases the Emperor with his Folly,
And in that a Wise man, and a Valiant.

1 *Gua.* Nay then I honour him.

Nig. March on I say. [*Exeunt.*

A flat Scene *of Tents.*

Enter Cosroe, Cassana, *and* Persians. Charinus, Maximinian, Aurelia *Prisoners; with Soldiers. A Throne.*

Cos. Now, by the *Persian* Gods, most truly welcome;
Encompast thus with Tributary Kings
I entertain you. Lead her to my Throne,
And seat her by me. Now, bow all of you,
To do her honour. Oh my best *Cassana!*
Sister, and Partner of my Life, and Empire,
We'll teach you to forget with present Pleasures,
Your late Captivity. And this proud *Roman,*
That us'd thee as a slave, and did disdain
A Princely Ransom; shall, if she repine,
Be forc'd by various Tortures, to adore
What she of late contemn'd.

Cas. All Greatness ever
Attend my Noble Brother. Tho *Persia's* stil'd
The Nurse of Pomp, and Pride, we'll leave to *Rome*
Her Native Cruelty: For know *Aurelia,*
A *Roman* Princess, and a *Cæsar's* Sister;
Tho' late like thee, a Captive; I can forget
Thy barbarous usage. And tho' thou to me
(When I was in thy power) didst shew thy self
A most insulting Tyranness; I to thee
Will prove a gentle Mistriss.

Aur. Oh my Stars!
A Miſtriſs! can I live and owe that name
To Fleſh, and Blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in Soveraignty; and I in Death
Can quit the name of Slave: ſhe who ſcorns Life,
May mock Captivity.
Cha. *Rome*, will be *Rome*,
When we are nothing; and her Pow'rs the ſame
Which you once quak'd at.
Max. *Dioclesian* lives;
Hear it and tremble; lives (thou King of *Perſia*)
The Maſter of his Fortune, and his Honours:
And tho' by Devilliſh Arts we were ſurpriz'd,
And made the prey of Magick, and of Theft,
And not won Nobly; we ſhall be redeem'd,
And by a *Roman* War. And every wrong
We ſuffer here, ſhall be return'd with Intereſt,
On the inſulting Doer.
1 *Per.* Sure theſe *Romans*, are more than men.
2 *Per.* Their great Hearts will not yield;
They cannot bend to any adverſe Fate,
Such is their confidence.
Coſ. Then they ſhall break.
Why, you rebellious Wretches, dare you ſtill
Contend, when the leaſt Breath, or Nod of mine,
Makes you a prey to Vulturs. The vain name
Of *Roman Legions*, I ſlight, and ſcorn.
And for that boaſted Bug-bear *Dioclesian*,
Whoſe Army now is almoſt in our view,
(That you preſume on) oh were he the Maſter,
Of Spirit enough to meet me in the Field;
He ſoon ſhould find that our Immortal Squadrons,
Dare meet his boldeſt Troops, and ſcatter 'em
As a high tow'ring Falcon on her ſtretches
Scatters the fearful Fowl. And by the Sun,
The Moon, the Winds, the Nouriſhers of Life,
And by this Sword, the Inſtrument of Death;
Since you ſubmit not humbly to our Mercy,
But yet dare hope for Liberty by force,
If *Dioclesian* has not the Courage

Bravely

Bravely to free you with his Sword? all ſlavery
That Cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you.
Max. If the Sun keeps his Courſe,
And the Earth bear his Soldiers March, I fear not.
Cha. Let us have Liberty, or full Revenge.
Aur. I; Liberty, or Revenge. [*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Enter a Perſian.

Per. An Officer from the *Roman* Camp,
Deſires admittance to your Majeſty.
Coſ. Admit him.

Enter Niger.

Now ſpeak thy Meſſage freely.
Nig. My great Maſter.
The Lord of *Rome*, (in that all power is ſpoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a Noble Enemy,
And, in thy bold Reſiſtance, worth his Conqueſt;
Defies thee, *Coſroe.*
Max. There's Fire in this.
Nig. And to encourage thee to meet him bravely,
And tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,
With this aſſurance; if thy Sword can win him;
Or force his Legions with thy *Barbed* Horſe,
But to forſake their Ground: That not alone
Wing'd Victory ſhall perch upon thy Tent;
But all the Provinces, and Kingdoms held
By *Roman* Garriſons in this *Eaſtern* World,
Shall be delivered up, and he himſelf,
Acknowledge thee his Sovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he asks only this;
That till the doubtful Dye of War determine
Who has moſt Power, and ſhould command the other,
Thou treat thy Noble Priſoners like their Births,
And not their preſent Fortunes; and to bring 'em
Guarded into thy Tent; with thy beſt force,
Thy ableſt men of War, and thou thy ſelf
Sworn to make good the Places. And if he fail
(Spight of all oppoſition thou canſt make)

In his own Perſon to cut out his way,
And bring 'em ſafely off, the Day is thine;
And he, like theſe, thy Priſoner.
Coſ. Tho' I receive this
But as a *Roman* boaſt; yet I embrace it,
And love the ſender: Tell him I will bring
My Priſoners to the Field, and without odds
Againſt his ſingle Force, alone defend 'em;
Or elſe, with equal Numbers: Tell him this.
I'll give the Signal inſtantly. Courage brave Princes,
And let Poſterity Record, that we [*Ex.* Nig.
This memorable Day reſtor'd to *Perſia*,
That Empire of the World, Great *Phillip*'s Son
Raviſht from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
And this our comfort be, we cannot fall
Inglorioufly, ſince we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Geta, *and two of the Guard.*

Get. A curſe upon your Trade! if 'ere I catch
Theſe Rogues in *Rome*, I'll ſwear the Peace againſt 'em.
Run for a Surgeon quickly, or I faint.
1 *Gua.* Bear up man; 'tis but a ſcratch.
Get. A Cut creſs the Coxcomb,
Is but a ſcratch with you —— Pox o' your occupation;
Your ſcurvy, ſcuffling Trade. I was told before
My Face was bad enough; but now I look
Like Bloody-bone, and Raw-head, to fright Children;
I am for no uſe elſe.
2 *Gua.* Thou ſhalt fright men.
1 *Gua.* Behold how terrible you look, ſee your Face
In the Pummel of my Sword.
Get. I die! I am gone! oh my ſweet Phiſnony!

Enter Three or Four Perſians.

2 *Gua.* They come: now fight, or die indeed.
Get. I will ſcape this way.
I cannot hold my Sword; what would you have
A maim'd man do?
1 *Gua.* Nay, then I have a Goad to prick you forward, Ox.
2. *Gua.* Fight like a Man, or die like a Dog.
Get. I ſhall

Get. Shall I, like *Cæsar*, fall
Among my Friends? No Mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You shall not have the Honour of my Death;
I'll first fall by the Enemy. [*He beats off the* Persians.

1 *Gua.* Oh brave! brave *Geta!* he plays the Devil now.

Enter Niger. *Alarm.*

Nig. Make up for Honour:
The *Persians* shrink, the Passage is laid open;
Great *Diocleſian*, like a second *Mars*,
Performs more than a Man; his Shield stuck full
Of *Persian* Darts, which now are his Defence
Against his Enemies Swords, still leads the Way. [*Alarm's continued.*
Of all the *Persian* Forces, one strong Squadron
In which their King in his own Person fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted; break thro' that,
The Day, and all is ours.

All. Victory, Victory. [*Exeunt shouting. Then a Retreat.*

Scene *Part of a Wood: Beyond it large Tents; in the middle a Royal Pavilion; through it is seen the Prospect of a Camp at a great distance.*

While the Song is singing, Enter in a Triumphal manner, Singers and Dancers, Roman *Officers,* Diocleſian *Crown'd with Laurel,* Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta, *Guard. Then* Cosroe, Cassana, Persian *Princes, Prisoners, guarded by* Roman *Soldiers.* Delphia *and* Drusilla *at a distance.*

SONG.

SOund, Fame, *thy Brazen Trumpet sound;*
Stand in the Centre of the Universe,
And call the listning World around,
While we, in Tuneful Sounds rehearse,

In

In Artful Numbers, and well-choſen Verſe,
Great Diocleſian's *Story.*
Let all rehearſe,
In lofty Verſe,
Great Diocleſian's *Glory.*
Sound his Renown,
Advance his Crown
Above all Monarchs that e're bleſt the Earth.
Oh ſacred Fame,
Embalm his Name,
With Honour here, and Glory after Death.
All ſing his Story,
Raiſe, raiſe his Glory
Above all Monarchs that e're bleſt the Earth.
Oh ſacred Fame,
Embalm his Name,
With Honour here, and Glory after Death.

Dio. I am rewarded in the Victory;
Your Freedom is ten thouſand Triumphs to me.
You (Sir) ſhare in my Glories, and *Aurelia,*
Unkind *Aurelia,* ſtill commands the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whoſe Gift you are free,
For I can only pity you. Nor be thou forgot,
My firſt poor Bond-man, *Geta*; I am glad
Thou art turn'd a Fighter.
Get. 'Twas againſt my will; but now I am content with it.
Cha. Oh *Romans!* Countrymen!
You never can beſtow Honour enough
Upon your Emperor: Think on new Titles,
Tranſcending all Example.
Nig. We will have
His Statue of pure Gold ſet in the Capitol;
And he that bows not to it as a God,
Forfeits his Head.
Max. I ſhall burſt with Envy;

And yet theſe Honours, which conferr'd on me,
Would raiſe me to the Clouds, never move him.
Dio. Suppoſe this done, yet ſtill I am a Man;
And all theſe Glories you would heap upon me,
Cannot defend me from a ſhaking Fever,
Or bribe the all-deſtroying Dart of Death,
To ſpare me one ſhort Moment.
Shall I praiſe Fortune? or build my Happineſs
On her uncertain Favour, that yet was never
Conſtant to any Man? Should my Reaſon fail,
(As Flattery oft corrupts it) here's an Example,
To ſhew how far her Smiles are to be truſted.
The Riſing Sun, this Morning, ſaw this Man
The *Perſian* Monarch, and thoſe Subjects proud
Who had the Honour to ſalute his Garment:
And yet, e're his Diurnal Progreſs ends,
He is the Scorn of Fortune: But you'll ſay,
That ſhe forſook him for his Cowardiſe,
But never leaves the Bold. Now by my Hopes
Of Peace and Quiet here, I never met
A braver Enemy. To ſhew how much I honour him,
Great Sir, you are free, your Siſter, all are free;
Enjoy your Empire, Ranſomleſs return.
Coſ. To ſee this Vertue,
Is more to me than Empire; and to be
O'recome by you, a glorious Victory.
Max. Now, in the Devil's Name, what means he next?
Dio. I know that Glory
Is like *Alcides* Shirt, if 'tis kept on
Till Pride has mixt it with our Blood; nor can we
Part with it at our pleaſure. Pull it off,
It brings along with it both Fleſh and Sinews,
And leaves us living Monſters.
Max. Would it were
My turn to put it on, I'd hazard that.
Dio. No, I'll not be forc'd
Out of this glorious Caſtle; uncompell'd
I will ſurrender it. Let it ſuffice,
I have toucht the Height of Humane Happineſs,
And fix here my *Non ultra.* Hitherto

I have

I have liv'd a Servant to ambitious Thoughts,
And fading Glories; my Remains of Life
I dedicate to Vertue; and to keep
My Faith untainted, farewel Pride and Pomp,
All Circumſtance of glorious Majeſty,
Farewel for ever.

Max. What follows now?

Dio. Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long, with envious Eyes, lookt on
My flouriſhing Fortune; you ſhall have poſſeſſion
Of my Felicity; I deliver up
My Empire, and this Gem, which once I priz'd
Above it. Here *Maximinian*, take her, and take all:
I know ſhe's not averſe to it.

Aur. I gave my ſelf by a ſolemn Vow to you, Sir;
Diſpoſe of me as you pleaſe.

Dio. Then you are his.
Noble *Charinus*, have we your Conſent?

Cha. I am ſo amaz'd, I know not what to ſay.
Great Sir, diſpoſe of me, of all.

Dio. You are too gracious; your Approbation
Is all I beg; the Soldiers Love I doubt not.
His Valour, Gentlemen, will deſerve your Favours,
Which let my prayers further. Now all is yours:
But I have been too liberal, and given that
I muſt entreat for now.

Max. How! Was I flatter'd with imagin'd Greatneſs?
Am I become your Sport?

Dio. Miſtake me not; 'tis only the poor Grange,
The Patrimony which my Father left me,
'Tis only that I ſue for.

Max. 'Tis yours, Sir, all the pleaſant Valley round it;
All ſhall be yours, and we'll attend you thither.

Dio. No, *Maximinian*, no;
I have taken leave of Pomp an Ceremony.
In *Rome* ſeek Honour and Renown; I'll ſtudy
To find Content elſewhere. Diſſuade me not;
My Reſolution's fixt: And now *Druſilla*,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My Wife, if ſince thy Love has felt no change,

I am

I am ready to perform it.
Dru. I ſtill lov'd
Your Perſon, not your Fortunes: In a Cottage,
Being yours, I am an Empreſs.
Del. And I'll make the Change moſt happy.
Dio. Let me entreat
Charinus, *Maximinian*, and *Aurelia*,
To ſee my Vow perform'd. You but attend
My Glories to their Urn. Now *Maximinian*,
O're-run the World; Let me my ſelf ſubdue:
Give me Content, and take all Honour, You. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene *a Pallace.*

Enter Maximinian *and* Aurelia.

Aur. WHy droops my Lord, my Love, my Life, my *Cæſar?*
Does not (with open Arms) your Fortune court (you?
Rome owns you for her Maſter; I my ſelf
Obey you as my Husband, love and ſerve you.
If you contemn not theſe, and think 'em Curſes,
I have no other Hope nor no Ambition,
No Wiſh beyond this Happineſs.
Max. Oh my *Aurelia!*
Thou Parent, and thou Nurſe of all my Glories,
And Comfort of my Life; I had better liv'd
Poor and obſcure, and never reach'd the Top
Of this great Empire, than be in daily danger
To be thrown headlong down, almoſt as ſoon
As I have reach'd it.
Aur. Theſe are Pannick Terrors
You faſhion to your ſelf. Is not my Brother
(Your Equal and Copartner in the Empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your Friend? the Soldier conſtant?
Has not your Uncle *Diocleſian* taken

His Farewel of the World? What then disturbs you?
Max. The Fear I am not fixt, and the Assurance
That what I am possest of's not my own,
But still depends upon another's Favour,
For nothing's more uncertain (my *Aurelia*)
Than Power that stands not on its proper *Basis*.
Oh, the Foundation's Weak! But I'll be plainer,
I'le hide no Thought from you. Is not the Empire
My Uncle's Gift? and may he not resume it
Upon the least Distaste? Does not *Charinus*
Cross me in my Designs? And what is Majesty,
When 'tis divided? Does not the insolent Soldier
Call what I have, his Donative? And what can take
More from our Honour? No, (my wise *Aurelia*)
If I to you am more than all the World,
As sure you are to me; if we desire
To be secure, we must be Absolute,
And know no Equal.
When we are obey'd for Fear, and not Entreaty,
Then we are safe.
Aur. Your Mother brought you
Into the World an Emperor: You persuade
But what I would have counsel'd. Nearness of Blood,
Respect, Piety, and Gratitude,
And all the Holy Dreams of Vertuous Fools,
Must vanish into Nothing, when Ambition
(The Maker of great Minds, and Nurse of Honour)
Puts in for Empire: Then you must forget
Your simple Uncle, think he was the Master
(In being once an Emperor) of a Jewel
Whose Worth and Use he knew not. For *Charinus*,
(No more my Brother) if he be a Stop
To your Designs, he is to me a Stranger,
And so to be remov'd.
Max. Thou more than Woman,
Thou Masculine Greatness,
Oh how I glory in thee! Those Great Women
Antiquity is proud of, when thou art nam'd,
Shall be no more remembred. Be but constant,
And thou shalt shine among those lesser Lights

To all Posterity like another *Phœbe*,
And be ador'd as she is.

Enter Charinus, Niger, *and Guards.*

Aur. Here's *Charinus*, with Anger on his brow.
Max. Let him storm,
And you shall hear me thunder.
Cha. He dispose of
My Provinces at his pleasure, and confer
Those Honours (which are only mine to give)
Upon his Creatures!
Nig. Mighty Sir, ascribe it
To his assurance of your Love and Favour,
And not to Pride or Malice.
Cha. No, good *Niger*,
Courtisie shall not fool me; he shall know
I lent a Hand to raise him, and will defend him
While he continues Good: But the same Strength,
If Pride makes him usurp upon my Right,
Shall strike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.
Max. That's as you please to make it. Sir, I hear
That you repine, and think your self much wrongd,
Because, without your Leave, I have bestow'd
The *Gallian* Pro-Consulship upon
A Follower of mine.
Cha. 'Tis true; and wonder you durst attempt it.
Max. Durst, *Charinus*!
Cha. Durst, *Maximinian*;
Again I speak it. Think you me so tame,
So heavy, and unactive, to sit down
With such Dishonour? But recall your Grant,
And speedily; or by the *Roman* Gods,
It quickly shall be try'd who has most Power
In *Rome*, and in the Empire.
Max. Thou hast none,
But by Permission. Alas! poor *Charinus*,
Thou Shadow of an Emperor, I scorn thee,
Thee, and thy Childish Threats. The Gods appoint him
The absolue Disposer of the Earth
Who has the sharpest Sword: I am sure, *Charinus*,

Thou wear'ſt too dull a one. When cruel *Aper*
Had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
(An Act that would have made a trembling Coward
As daring as *Alcides*) thy poor Fear
Made thee wink at it: Then roſe up my Uncle,
(The Honour of the Empire, and of *Rome*)
Againſt the Traytor, and, amidſt his Guards,
Puniſh'd the Treaſon. This bold daring Act
Got him the Soldiers Suffrages to be *Cæſar*;
And howſoever his too gentle Nature
Allow'd thee the Name only, as his Gift,
I challenge the Succeſſion.

Cha. Thou art cozen'd.
When the Receiver of a Courteſie
Cannot ſuſtain the Weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a Trial, not a confirm'd Act.
Thou haſt in thoſe few Days of thy ſhort Reign
Sham'd Noble *Dioclesian*, and his Gift:
Nor doubt I, when he's once rightly inform'd
How much the Glorious *Roman* Empire groans
Under thy Tyranny, but he will forſake
His Private Life, and once again reſume
His former Majeſty. Then doubt not, Soldiers,
But that this Muſhroom, ſprung up in a Night,
Shall as ſoon wither. And for you, *Aurelia*,
If you eſteem my Honour, or your own,
Fly from a certain Ruin. So farewel.
E're long you ſhall hear more. [*Ex.* Charinus, Niger, *Guards.*

Aur. Are you ſtruck dumb,
That you make no Reply?

Max. My Life, I'll do,
And after talk. I will prevent their Plots,
And turn 'em on their own accurſed Heads.
My Uncle! Shall I live in fear of him?
Shall Juſtice, Piety, or Gratitude,
Stop my Ambition in its full Careere?
No, he who would a mighty Empire ſway,
Muſt level all that ſtops him in his Way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene *A long Walk in the middle of a great Wood; at the farther end is a Prospect of* Diocletian's *Grange in a delightful Valley.*

Enter Two or Three Countrymen.

1 *Cou.* Dost think this great Man will continue with us?
2 *Cou.* Continue? yes, what else? he has bought the great (Farm;
And all the Grounds about it, all the Woods too;
And stockt it like an Emperor.
1 *Cou.* But hark ye.
We must not call him Emperor.
2 *Cou.* That's all one,
He is the King of good Fellows, that's no Treason;
And so I'll call him, tho' I be hang'd for't.
1 *Cou.* Now all our Sports again, and all our Gambols;
Our Songs, and Evening Dances on the Green.
2 *Cou.* Ay, ay; he shall have Songs, if that will please him,
We'll bawl most fearfully.
1 *Cou.* We must all be Fine, and Neat.
On goes my Russet Jerkin with blue Buttons.
2 *Cou.* And my green Breeches I was married in.
We'll be all Handsom too, and wash our Faces.
Neighbour, I see a remnant of *March* Dust
That's hatch'd into your Chaps: Go to the Barbers,
And mundefie your Muzzel.

Enter Geta.

1 *Cou.* It shall be done: But who comes here?
2 *Cou.* No doubt 'tis some great Man.
1 *Cou.* Let us be civil then, and shew our Breeding.
Heaven bless your Worship.
2 *Cou.* Your Greatness, or your Mightiness, what you please, (Sir.
Get. Thanks my good People.
Stand off, and know your Duties. As I take it,
You are the labouring People of the Village,
That Plow, and Sow; keep Sheep—— Stand farther off yet,
And mingle not with my Authority,
I am too mighty for your company.

1 *Cou.*

1 *Cou.* We know it, Sir, and we desire your Worship ——
2 *Cou.* Your Honour, Fool ——
1 *Cou.* Your Honour, Fool, to take a little notice of us,
And recommend us, Sir, to our new Landlord.
And if our Country Sports can please him, Sir.
Get. For your Sports (my Friends) they may be seen.
Yes, out of the abundance of my Wisdom
And Favour, when they're ready, I'll behold 'em.
You stare upon me, Friends, as if you knew me.
'Tis true, I have been a Rascal as you are;
A Fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
Just such another piece of Dirt, so fashion'd.
But Time, that purifies all things of merit,
Has set another Stamp on me. Come nearer,
And be not fearful; I take off my Austerity.
Now know me for the great and mighty Steward
Under this Man of Honour.
All. We all acknowledge you.
Get. He was a kind of Rascal once like me,
Or little better, but that must be forgot too.
Take notice now, y'are all of ye my Vassals.
I can, as I think fit, dispose of you;
Can blow you, and your Cattel out o' th' Country.
But fear me, and have favour. Come along with me,
And I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.
1. *Cou.* I hope you will, Sir.
Get. 'Tis not a thing impossible.
Perhaps I'll sing my self, the more to grace you.
And if I like your Women.
2 *Cou.* We'll have the best, Sir, young, handsom Girls.
Get. The handsomer, the better.
You may bring your Wives too, 'twill be all one charge to ye:
For I must know your Families.
All. You shall, Sir.

Enter Delphia.

Del. 'Tis well my honest Friends, I know y'are hatching,
Some pleasurable Sports for your great Landlord.
Fill him with Joy, and Pleasure, win him to ye,
And make his little Grange seem a large Empire,

Full

Full of all ſweet content. Thus win his favour,
Which daily ſhall be ſhow'rd upon you all.
Get. Will you lend us a Devil to play *Gratis*?
Fidlers are very chargeable.
Del. I, I, any thing; and Bag-pipes that ſhall play alone.
Get. I thank you.
Come follow me; and get all ready inſtantly. [*Exeunt.*
Del. Do, and when you are prepared, come hither Friends,
You'll find him in this Grove.

Enter Diocles, *and* Druſilla.

Dio. Come, my *Druſilla*,
The Partner, maker of my Happineſs.
I hope now you believe me?
Druſ. Yes, and dare aſſure you,
I am moſt happy, if you think your ſelf ſo.
Dio. I am, my ſweet.
I ſwear to thee, I find now by experience,
Content dwells not in Courts.
Druſ. Walk on, Sir,
The Grove is cool, the gentle Breeze refreſhing.
Dio. Oh my *Druſilla*,
When Man has caſt off his ambitious Greatneſs;
Retir'd into the ſweetneſs of himſelf;
Built his Foundation upon honeſt Thoughts,
Not great, but good Deſires, his daily Servants,
How quietly he ſleeps! how joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his Poſſeſſions,
And from his willing Labours feeds with Pleaſure!
Here hang no Comets in the ſhapes of Crowns,
To threaten our contents. Nor here, *Druſilla*,
Cares, like *Eclipſes*, darken our endeavours.
Druſ. I am glad you make the right uſe of this ſweetneſs.
This homely, but this innocent retiredneſs.
Dio. 'Tis ſweet indeed,
And every circumſtance about it, ſhews it.
How liberal is the Spring in every place?
The Artificial Court, ſeems but a Shadow,
A painted imitation of this glory.
How ſweet the Flow'rs ſmell! here's Nature in perfection.

Let.

Let all the Perfumes in the Empire pass this,
The charming'st Ladies Cheek, shew such a Colour;
Here, in sweet poverty, dwells noble Nature.
And every thing we add, Adulterates her.
What Musick's this? [*Pipes within.*

Del. You shall want no Delights to entertain you;
Your Country Neighbours (Sir) are come to welcome you,
To shew their honest Sports; pray grace 'em, Sir.
A King shall never feel your Joy. Sit down Son.

Enter Countrymen, and Women; they Dance: Before 'tis half finish'd Delphia *interrupts 'em.*

Del. Hold, hold, leave off a while.
Dio. What ail you Mother? you look pale, and tremble.
Del. No, I am only careful of your safety.
Be not disturb'd my Son, sit down again.
And now, finish your Dance.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, *and* Soldiers. *They stand at a distance till the Dance is finish'd.*

Del. Do you see that mighty Man?
Be not amaz'd, but let him do his worst.
Max. How confident he sits amongst his Pleasures!
And what a chearful Colour's in his Face!
And yet he sees me too, the Soldiers with me.
Aur. What you have resolv'd to do, do speedily,
And then you are an Emperor.
Max. I will.
Dio. My Royal Cousin, how I Joy to see you;
You, and your lovely Empress!
Max. I am not come to surfeit,
With these poor, Clownish Pleasures; but to tell you,
I look upon you like my Winding-sheet,
The Urn to all my greatness;
For whilst you are alive——
Dio. Alive my Cousin?
Max. I say alive, I am no Emperor;
I am nothing but my own disquiet.
Dio. How, Sir?
Max. 'Tis true, Sir, the Soldiers doat on you.

I would

I would fain spare you; but my own security
Compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me *Cæsar*.
For whilst you are remembred, I am despis'd.
Del. Fear nothing.
Dio. Did I not chuse this Poverty, to raise you?
I gave that Royal Lady to your Arms,
Blest you with her bright Beauty! Gave the Soldier,
The Soldier that hung to me, fixt him to you.
Gave you the Worlds command.
Max. This shall not help you.
Dio. Hear once for all, and then consider wisely,
Place round about my Grange a Garrison,
And if I offer to exceed my Limits,
Or ever in my common Talk name Emperor,
Or look for Adoration, nay for Courtesie,
Above the Days Salute.
Max. This will not serve. Soldiers, dispatch him instantly,
And all the Treasure that I have— [*Thunder and Lightning.*
1 *Sol.* The Earth shakes!
We totter up and down, we cannot stand, Sir.
Methinks, the Mountains tremble too!
2 *Sol.* How thick the Flashes come! we shall be burn'd all.
Del. Fall on Soldiers.
You that sell innocent Blood. Fall on, and bravely.
Sol. We cannot stir.
Del. You, Sir, you have your Liberty,
So has this Lady too. Why don't you do it?
[*A Hand with a Flaming Bolt in it appears over their Heads.*
Are you amaz'd? Look 'ore thy Head *Maximinian*,
Read there the will of Heaven. Nay cruel Lady,
You have your share in it too. What say you now?
Does all your Glory quake?
Aur. Oh it shakes still!
Max. And dreadfully it threatens.
We acknowledge, Sir, our base and foul intentions;
And faults confess'd, they say, are half forgiven.
By your old Love, the Blood that runs between us.——
Aur. By that Love you once bare me; by that, Sir,

This bleſſed Lady now injoys! Oh, Madam,
Speak for us, or we are loſt for ever.
Druſ. Oh fear him not, he is all goodneſs Lady;
He has no Pride, no Malice, no Revenge.
He's pittiful as a forgiving God. [*The Hand is taken in.*
Dio. Riſe Madam; riſe my Couſin, I forgive you.
Great as you are, injoy your Greatneſs ſtill,
While I place all my Empire in content.
Once more I give you all, learn to deſerve it,
And henceforth ſtudy Juſtice, more than Greatneſs.
My poor Houſe is not fit to entertain you.
But ſuch a hearty Welcome as a poor Man
And his true Love can make you, and your Empreſs,
You freely ſhall command.
Aur. Oh, Sir, it is enough;
We ſhall injoy all Riches in your Goodneſs.
Sol. Long live the good and gracious *Dioclesian.*
Dio. I thank you Soldiers, and forgive your raſhneſs.
And Royal Sir, long may they honour you.
Now Mother, can you treat an Emperor?
Del. Yes, Sir, and like himſelf.
He ſhall be entertain'd as Nobly,
As if he were in *Rome*; my Art ſhall fail me elſe.
Sit down, and truſt to me. [*They ſit all.*

The MASQUE.

A Prelude. Enter *Cupid* and Sings.

Cup. CAll *the* Nymphs *and the* Fawns *from the Woods.*

They call within.

With. *The* Nymphs, *&c.*
Cup. *Call the* Naides, *and Gods of the Floods.*
With. *The* Naides, *&c.*
Cup. *Call* Flora, *and* Comus.
With. Flora, *&c.*

Cup.

Cup. Silenus, *and* Momus.
With. Silenus, *&c.*
Cup. *Call* Bacchus, *and his merry merry Fellows.*
With. Bacchus, *&c.*
Cup. Silvanus, *and* Ceres, *and* Tellus.
With. Silvanus, *&c.*
Cup. *All leave for a while their Abodes.*
With. *All leave*, &c.
Cup. *Let the Graces, and Pleaſures repair,*
With the Youthful, the Gay, the Witty, and Fair.
May all harmleſs Delights,
Happy Days, and kind Nights,
For ever attend this bleſt Pair.

Enter a *Bachanalian*, and a *Silvan*, and ſing the following Song in Two Parts.

COme, come away,
No delay,
Come away.
All know 'tis his will,
Then all ſhew their skill,
To grace Loves Triumphing Day.

While a Symphony is Playing, a Machine deſcends, ſo large, it fills all the Space, from the Frontiſpiece of the Stage, to the farther end of the Houſe; and fixes it ſelf by two Ladders of Clouds to the Floor. In it are Four ſeveral Stages, repreſenting the Pallaces of two Gods, and two Goddeſſes: The firſt is the Pallace of *Flora*; the Columns of red and white Marble, breaking through the Clouds; the Columns Fluted and Wreath'd about with all ſorts of Flow'rage; the Pede-

ſtals and Flutings inrich'd with Gold. The Second is, The Pallace of the Goddeſs *Pomona*, the Columns of blue Marble, wound about with all kind of Fruitage, and inrich'd with Gold as the other. The Third is, The Pallace of *Bacchus*, the Columns of green Marble, Wreath'd and Inrich'd with Gold, with Cluſters of Grapes hanging round 'em. The laſt is the Pallace of the Sun; it is ſupported on either Side by Rows of *Termes*, the lower part white Marble, the upper part Gold. The whole Object is terminated with a glowing Cloud, on which is a Chair of State, all of Gold, the Sun breaking through the Cloud, and making a Glory about it: As this deſcends, there riſes from under the Stage a pleaſant Proſpect of a Noble Garden, conſiſting of Fountains, and Orange Trees ſet in large Vaſes: the middle Walk leads to a Pallace at a great diſtance. At the ſame time Enters *Silvanus*, *Bacchus*, *Flora*, *Pomona*, *Gods* of the Rivers, *Fawns*, *Nymphs*, *Hero's*, *Heroines*, *Shepherds*, *Shepherdeſſes*, the *Graces*, and *Pleaſures*, with the reſt of their followers. The Dancers place themſelves on every Stage in the Machine: the Singers range themſelves about the Stage.

CHORUS of all.

Behold, oh mightieſt of Gods, behold,
At thy command we come!
The Gay, the Sad,
The Grave, the Glad,
The Youthful, and the Old,
All meet as at the Day of Doom.
Behold, oh mightieſt of Gods, behold,
At thy command we come!

The

The First Entry of Hero's on the Stage.

After the Entry, two Wood-Gods sing in Parts.

AH the sweet Delights of Love!
Who would live and not enjoy 'em?
I'd refuse the Throne of Jove,
Should Pow'r or Majesty destroy 'em.
Give me Doubts, and give me Fears,
Give me Sighs, and give me Tears;
But let Love, let Love remove 'em.
I approve 'em,
I approve 'em;
But let Love, let Love remove 'em.

Then one of the *Fauns* Sings.

LEt Monarchs fight for Pow'r and Fame;
With Noise and Arms Mankind alarm;
Let daily Fears their Quiet fright,
And Cares disturb their Rest at Night.
Greatness shall ne'er my Soul inthral;
Give me content, and I have all.

Hear, Mighty Love! to thee I call;
Give me Astræa, *she's my All:*
That soft, that sweet, that charming Fair,
Fate cannot hurt while I have her.
She's Wealth, and Pow'r, and only she,
Astræa's all the World to me.

CHORUS.

Hear, Mighty, &c.

The Second Entry on the Firſt Stage in the Machin, by two Men and two Women.

Then Two of *Bacchus*'s Followers Sing.

MAke room, make room,
For the great God of Wine,
The Bacchanals *come*
With Liquor Divine.
Make room, &c.

Then this is ſung by one of *Cupid*'s Followers.

STill I'm wiſhing, ſtill deſiring;
Still ſhe's giving, I requiring;
Yet each Gift I think too ſmall.
Still the more I am preſented,
Still the leſs I am contented,
Tho' ſhe vows ſhe has given me all.

Can Druſilla *give no more?*
Has ſhe laviſh'd all her Store?
Muſt my Hopes to nothing fall?
Ah! you know not half your Treaſure;
Give me more, give over-meaſure,
Yet you can never give me all.

The

The Third Entry on the Second Stage in the Machin, by Four Women. Then,

After it this Dialogue, between a Shepherd and a Shepherdess.

Shepherd.

TEll me why (my Charming Fair)
Tell me why you thus deny me?
Can Despair,
Or these Sighs or Looks of Care,
Make Corinna *ever fly me?*
Tell me, tell me, cruel Fair,
Tell me why you thus deny me?

Shepherdess.

Oh Mirtillo! *you're above me,*
I respect, but dare not love ye.
The Nymph who hears, inclines to Sin;
Who Parlies, half gives up the Town;
And ravenous Love soon enters in,
When once the Out-work's beaten down,
Then my Sighs and Tears won't move ye.
No, Mirtillo, *you're above me;*
I respect, but dare not love ye.

Shepherd.

Shepherd.

Could this lovely charming Maid
Think Mirtillo *would deceive her?*
Could Corinna *be afraid*
She by him should be betray'd?
No, too well, too well I love her,
Therefore cannot be above her.
Then let Love with Love be paid.
Ah! my Life, my All I give her,
Let me now, oh now receive her.

Shepherdess.

Ah! how gladly we believe,
When the Heart is too too willing:
Can that Look, that Face deceive?
Can he take delight in killing?
Ah! I die, if you deceive me!
Yet I will, I will believe ye.

CHORUS in Two Parts.

Ah! how gladly, &c.

The Fourth Entry on the Third Stage, by two Youths.

Then this Song by one of the Pleasures.

ALL our Days and our Nights
Shall be spent in Delights,
'Tis a Tribute that's due to the Young:
Let the Ugly and Old,
The Sickly and Cold,
Think the Pleasures of Love last too long.

Begone,

Be gone, be gone importunate Reaſon,
Wiſdom, and Councel is now out of Seaſon.

Let us Dance, let us Sing,
While our Life's in its Spring,
And give all to the Great God of Love.
Let us Revel, and Play,
And rejoyce, while we may,
Since Old Time theſe Delights will remove.
Be gone, be gone importunate Reaſon,
Wiſdom, and Councel is now out of Seaſon.

CHORUS.

Be gone, be gone, &c.

The Sixth Entry on the fartheſt Stage by Two Children.

Then this CHORUS of all.

Triumph, Triumph victorious Love,
Triumph 'ore the Univerſe!
The greateſt Hero's bow to thee;
All Nature owns thy Deity;
Thou haſt tam'd the mighty Jove.
Then all rehearſe,
In Noble Verſe,
The Glory of all-mighty Love.
From Pole to Pole his Fame re-ſound,
Sing it the Univerſe around!
Triumph, Triumph victorius Love,
Triumph 'ore the Univerſe.

Those who are on the Stage, and those who are in the several divisions of the Machine, dance a Grand Dance to the time of the Chorus. *At the end of it, Drums are heard at a distance.*

Dio. What Drums are those?
Del. They are your Friends, my Son.
Charinus, with the old the honest Soldiers.
They heard (Sir,) of your Danger, and they come
To rescue you; but all is well. Go welcome 'em;
This Night two Emperors you must entertain.
Dio. Oh Mother!
I have the will, but not the powr to do it.
Del. Leave that to me. Sound all your Instruments;
With harmless Sports, and innocent Diversions
We'll meet 'em on their March, and treat 'em Nobly.
Dio. And let 'em know;
Quiet, Content, and true Love, breeds more Stories,
More perfect Joys, than Kings, and all their Glories.

The Curtain falls.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

YOU see what Charge we're at, What hazards run,
What mighty pains we take to be undone.
Is't not enough, you study our undoing,
But we must be contriving our own ruine;
To stop the Breaches a Rebellion made,
We wisely sent for Irish *to our aid;*
Who, would not swear we have the same pretence
To fetch good Breeding, Wit, and Learning thence,
As hope our Stage, all others should exceed,
And mingling with us, mend our English *breed;*
When this is brought to pass, I am afraid
That in a Play-house I shall dye a Maid;
That Miracles don't cease, and I shall see
Some Players Martyrs for their Honesty.
J. H.---- the greatest Bigot of the Nation,
And see him burn for Transubstantiation.
Or hope to see, from such a Mongrel breed,
Wits that the Godlike Shakespear *shall exceed:*
Or what has dropt from Fletcher's *fluent Pen,*
Our this days Author, or the Learned Ben.

Now all our Writers, all their gifts impart
In spight of Nature; and in scorn of Art.
No wonder Irish *Fogs, obscure our Light,*
When such as scarce can read, presume to write.

Oh

Oh poor Pernassus, *thou art eaten bare,*
For every Rhimer has a Common there;
The Muses now are errant Strumpets grown,
Hackny'd by every Scribler in the Town.

Well Sirs, since others Faults I have made known,
Let me propose a Project of my own,
Depose our Men, our Male Administrators,
And once trye us, us Female Regulators;
I'll be content to live and dye a Nun,
If ere we manage worse than they have done:
Nay more; I will be bound to make it good,
And that is very hard to flesh and Blood,
If you our total ruine would prevent,
Make ours, I say, a Female Government.

FINIS.